

THE ATHENÆUM



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SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



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LITERATURE,
THE ARTS

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THE HOMELESS ARTIST

ENGLAND finds considerable difficulty in realizing that artists are necessary to it. It is, indeed, less inclined to admit that they are necessary now than it has been for many years. Under the stress of war conditions a delightfully simple classification of trades into essential and non-essential came into being, and the artist, rightly enough, was relegated among the non-essentials; and there, we fear, he has remained in the general mind, because the general mind is, alas! still organized for war.

We gladly admit that the artist is not necessary to a community organized for war. It is his greatest title to honour that he is not. He is necessary to civilization, and civilization abhors the condition of war as Nature does a vacuum. Now that the interregnum of civilization, the moratorium of the ideal, is at an end, the artist has become essential again; but to be essential and to be recognized as essential are very different things. The ordinary mind takes satisfaction in the congenial conditions imposed by war; the simplification of the moral issue brings with it a welcome economy of effort; the opportunity to indulge the baser passions under the cloak of patriotism is congenial even to persons who consider themselves above them. People are loth to leave such an Elysium long after the excuse for it has departed. Therefore we have peace without the morality of peace, civilization without the values of civilization. The artist who has become once more essential is still regarded as a parasite, and treated as one.

A few weeks ago we discussed the concrete case of the literary journalist; to-day we wish to present to our readers' consideration a hardship peculiar to artists. The wages of the artist, like the wages of the literary journalist, have not risen during the war.

As far as ordinary economic hardship goes, they are in the same case. But there is this important difference. Whereas the literary man needs food and clothes and shelter, the artist needs food and clothes and shelter and—a place to work in, a place where, if he so desires, he can stretch a canvas twenty feet broad or chip at half a ton of stone. That is no less a necessity to the artist than is to the workman his bag of tools on which the broker's man may not disdain.

London never was particularly rich in such places. Very often the artist had to go abroad to Paris to find one; more often he abated his demands under stress of necessity, and did his best with a big room in one of those great houses with which the West of London is covered. But in his pursuit even of one of these he had to be very circumspect. Agents looked askance at him, and confronted him with clauses of leases which provided that the respectability of the western squares should never be contaminated with anything so disreputable as an artist who was not even a member of the Royal Academy. Eventually, however, the proprietors of some of the more hopelessly unfashionable houses saw a chance of making a good thing out of the artists; they labelled their houses studios, added fifty per cent. to the economic rent, and permitted the artists to live in them.

But at the present time these apologies for studios have, in common with every other place of shelter, a rarity value. The artist is in no position to outbid his more prosperous rivals; the larger rooms go to the larger purses. Artists' studios are let at twice the rent to people who make use of them for jazz parties; and now in expectation of the promised influx of American visitors, who love such delightfully Bohemian things as studio-flats, two of the most important blocks of studios in Chelsea have been

sold, and the occupants given notice to quit. Furthermore, it is announced that a huge block of property, which includes very many of the little studios of which we have spoken, has been sold to make room for two convalescent hospitals.

Whether there is any hope of having these peculiar difficulties of artists mitigated by legislation we do not know. There is at any rate no reason to suppose that the present House of Commons does not share the general view that artists are unnecessary people. Once more, it is for those who think otherwise to come together in support of them. That admirable organization, the Arts League of Service, is elaborating a scheme by which one or two large houses should be bought for the sole purpose of providing artists with accommodation and thus establishing the nucleus of an artists' quarter in London, whence they cannot be evicted by persons with a larger bank balance, but infinitely less claim on the consideration of a civilized community. But such a scheme will inevitably need a measure of financial backing. We sincerely hope that when the time comes our readers will give it all the support and advertisement in their power.

M.

UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF JOHN CLARE

IT is recorded that, in his cottage at Helpstone Clare scarcely let a day pass without writing verses, which he would often give away; in the words of "Hudibras" Butler, the habit was for him

no more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

It is traditional also that, during his long confinement in the madhouse, while the cloud of insanity hung black and desperate upon him, the poetic impulse came to him by flashes; and, as lightning makes blackness intenser, so deeper oblivion followed these wildfire moments—and Clare within ten minutes of composing the new poem had utterly forgotten it. Such facts certainly suggest the mass of material produced by Clare, and the difficulty of collating it after so long an interval; and actually, to-day, a great quantity of manuscript is distributed among private owners—in America as well as in England—and in local museums.

A rough-and-ready survey of some of these unpublished writings confirms the belief that much of Clare's best is contained in them. In fact, even his first volume, "Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery," might have been of finer quality had the selection been made with more sympathy; at the time Clare appears to have been playing the poetic ploughman, but he was playing the part amazingly well. Presently the ploughman fades out and Clare emerges as pure poet; not that Mr. Alaric Watts, Messrs. Taylor & Hessey, or the critics at large approved of the advance. An examination of Clare's method about 1827 reveals him as an indubitable poet—one with very definite aim, comprehension and technique. The very handwriting distinguished him, with its strength and clearness, rapidity and certainty. From this time onwards he was engaged on a new volume of

poems, which never went into print, despite Clare's moving appeal and prospectus. The manuscript bears the title "The Midsummer Cushion, or Cottage Poems"; it is a thick oblong volume containing, in close serried writing of much beauty, three hundred and sixty poems. Many were evidently far too long to tempt even enthusiastic publishers, if any existed; many were included later in "The Rural Muse" of 1835. But there is a rich harvest remaining—and he who binds the sheaf can only take delight in the labour. Here is what may be called a "blank-verse sonnet," a study in cumulative effect, odd turmoil and flurry:

SIGNS OF WINTER.

The cat runs races with her tail—the dog
Leaps o'er the orchard hedge and knarls the grass;
The swine run round and grunt and play with straw,
Snatching out hasty mouthfuls from the stack;
Sudden upon the elm-tree tops the crow
Unceremonious visit pays and croaks,
Then swoops away—from mossy barn the owl
Bobs hasty out—wheels round and scared as soon
As hastily retires—the ducks grow wild
And from the muddy pond fly up and wheel
A circle round the village, and soon, tired,
Plunge in the pond again—the maids in haste
Snatch from the orchard hedge the mizzled cloaths
And laughing hurry in to keep them dry.

This is the intensity and rural shrewdness of a hundred poems beside, from which it is indeed tantalizing to make a selection. Wherever Clare goes, he looks and sees "large territory spread"; it is his contentment, it is his delight to subdue the author and exalt the subject. In an age of self-righteousness he avoided both the fashionable introspection and the temptation to draw morals. Beauty crowded upon him; at this time he seldom did more than take what he found without any tinge of mood or egotism. This might sound a light task; and so might making a bird's nest. Incidentally, his bird-knowledge is that of an observer never wearied nor preoccupied.

THE BLACKCAP.

Under the twigs the blackcap hangs in vain
With snowwhite patch streaked over either eye;
This way and that he turns and peeps again,
As wont, where silk-cased insects used to lie.
But summer leaves are gone, the day is bye
For happy holidays; and now he fares
But cloudy, like the weather—yet to view
He flirts a happy wing and inly wears
Content, in gleaning what the orchard spares:
And like his little cousin capped in blue
Domesticates the lonely winter through
In homestead plots and gardens where he wears
Familiar pertness—yet but seldom comes
With the tame robin to the door for crumbs.

But it is time to mention the two volumes of "Asylum Poems," which were copied out for publication during Clare's old age, but were hardly ever used except by J. L. Cherry in 1873. By no means a complete collection of Clare's work after 1835—a third volume is said to exist in private hands—this large budget is, nevertheless, immensely enlightening and valuable. And here the unfortunate editor, already tormented by Clare's contempt of punctuation and capitals, is further incensed by the dim quillmanship and tenacious malapropism of the copyist. The poems are mainly love lyrics, addressed to Scotch Girls, Irish Girls, Bonny Oundle Girls, and hundreds of others—all

bonny, young and flower-like. These songs are often written in most melodious and unfamiliar rhythms. Like perch in a shoal of roach, there are occasional scraps of nature verse; more rarely, sea ballads and mystical lyrics occur; and there are poems about the man himself. Clare anticipates most of our contemporaries; whose war-poem is this?

In the Bastiles of Hell,
Bloody and dreary,
Bloody tales captives tell
Lonely and weary;
I have been where they fell
Wounded and weary. . .

Whose violence this?

A frown from thy face, love,
Is like a sledge hammer
Mashing bones into powder
And knocking out brains. . .

Again, it would not be hard to place the following lines among the modern schools:

The blackbird sings loud as a lady's piano
With a yellow gold ring round his violet eye. . .

Vetches both yellow and blue
Grew thick in the meadow lane;
Isabella's shawl kept off the dew. . .

Young Peggy's face was common sense and I was rather shy. . .

Inevitably, many of these "mad poems" are broken, jangled, unintelligible; there is a trick of catching up a striking word or phrase and so destroying its effect; one love song to Eleanor or Mary Boyfield is much the same as the next to Mary Hobbs or My Beautiful Ruth. There are, however, many wonderful songs and "tailpieces"; the following are three of them, not necessarily the best:

I HID MY LOVE.

I hid my love when young, while I
Couldn't bear the buzzing of a fly;
I hid my love to my despite
Till I could not bear to look at light;
I dare not gaze upon her face
But left her memory in each place;
Where e'er I saw a wild flower lie
I kissed and bade my love good bye.

I met her in the greenest dells
Where dewdrops pearl the wood blue bells,
The lost breeze kissed her bright blue eye,
The Bee kissed and went singing by;
A sunbeam found a passage there,
A gold chain round her neck so fair;—
As secret as the wild bee's song
She lay there all the summer long.

I hid my love in field and town
Till e'en the breeze would knock me down,
The Bees seemed singing ballads o'er,
The fly's bass turned a Lion's roar;
And even silence found a tongue
To haunt me all the summer long.
The riddle Nature could not prove
Was nothing else but secret love.

FRAGMENT.

The dewy evening with its orange sky
Looks mellow, like ripe fruit before it fall.
Those thunder-strokes of ink, black clouds that lie
O'er the gold seas of light, to thought recall
Niagara's rocks and their tremendous fall.
The waves of light pour o'er its sunniest dye,
Fancy hears the torrents' thundering brawl;
While peace upon the velvet sward sits bye
And Heaven seems melting from so soft a sky.

SUMMER.

'Tis now the height of Summer,
And wheresoe'er I turn my eyes
The woods do nought but murmur
And the hedgerows swarm with flies.
On dry banks the wasps are busy
With yellow jackets and sharp sting;
Summer's a secret dirty hussey
And nothing like primrosy spring.

Then leaf-strewn woods are greenest,
And full of wild primroses,
The calm green * * *
On moss nest the bird reposes.
Then by the spinny rails
The violet smells so sweet,
Loading with perfume all the gales
And wild bee's yellow feet.

Hot summer is a dirty hussey
Swarming o'er with wasps and flies
That by wood side are ever busy
With their burning melodies.
Give me the spring with foot-paths clean,
The finches' nest and budding tree,
The primrose in its leaves so green—
And 'neath white thorn I'll happy be.

Other manuscripts exist which reveal Clare in a new light. His prose has not yet been mentioned, in spite of the excellence of his style and the warmth and truth of his colour-work. Here, again, he is brilliantly modern, even to-day, and can hold his own with the finest of our descriptive giants. His subject is of course Nature for the most part: he wrote, however, many essays, autobiographical sketches, and even a satiric novel. The following occurs among his Asylum poems:

DEWDROPS.

The dewdrops on every blade of grass are so much like silver drops that I am obliged to stoop down as I walk to see if they are pearls, and those sprinkled on the joy-woven beds of primroses underneath the hazels, white-thorns and maples are so like gold beads that I stooped down to feel if they were hard, but they melted from my finger. And where the dew lies on the primrose, the violet and white-thorn leaves, they are emerald and beryl, yet nothing more than the dews of the morning on the budding leaves; nay, the road grasses are covered with gold and silver beads, and the further we go, the brighter they seem to shine, like solid gold and silver. It is nothing more than the sun's light and shade upon them in the dewy morning; every thorn-point and every bramble-spear has its trembling ornament, till the wind gets a little brisker and then all is shaken off, and all the shining jewelry passes away into a common spring morning full of budding leaves, primroses, violets, vernal speedwell, blue-bell and orchis, and common-place objects.

An age which reprinted Introductions to the Scriptures in Four Volumes almost annually and "Proverbial Philosophy" almost weekly could scarcely be expected to thirst for this rich wild wine.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

UMBRACULUM

"Felix heu nimis et beata tellus."

In a fair orchard let me lie,
When globed apples yet are green;
And let there be a bed thereby
Of osiers, where white willows lean
And pause upon the wind's slow chant.
A hidden freshet you may guess
By its deep marge of verdurousness
And many a broad-leaved water-plant.

And I would have a pretty pair
 Of bullfinches for playmates there ;
 Freely they shall hop and feed
 On the ripe sorrel's rust-red seed ;
 Or pluck the thistle, poor old king,
 When he has lost his purple crown,
 By the long beard of yellow down.
 And sometimes shall the ringdove's wing,
 Aloft, with rushing shadow, sweep
 The sun-filled hollow, sound asleep ;
 And hornèd wasps, a-freebooting,
 Come tumbling in their contraband,
 Where caves are hung with grassy thatch
 In little cliffs of golden sand ;
 And hazel-nuts, with cheek untanned,
 Forth from their scalloped hoods shall peep ;
 And, though the honey-heavy bees
 Some looser petals may unlatch,
 Let bramble briar bear berries crude,
 Nor yet the loitering year have brewed
 Its purple wine with pulpy lees.
 And all along the lush hedgerow
 Shall alder dark and thorny sloe
 With fork-leaved agrimony grow ;
 Angelica with pipy stem
 And the wild basil ; and from them
 And thousand happy things beside
 Some feeble ebb from their full tide
 Of pleasure through my being flow.
 Oh, leaves ! oh, flowers ! oh, birds that flit
 Through verdurous aisles with silent floor,
 An airy joy, too exquisite
 For sense with its own bliss at war,
 Leads on, where music seems to melt
 In odour ; odour, half unfelt,
 Its purer essence to reserve
 For scent more keen ; and our dull nerve
 Blind as a wingless grub must be
 To such quick-darting ecstasy.
 There is an altar, more withdrawn,
 More secret from the cult of man,
 Than e'er was hymned by fluting Faun
 Or echoed to the pipe of Pan ;
 And, could I follow where they lead,
 These visions glimpsed by lawn and glade,
 Still would that mystic altar fade,
 The fount to its hid source recede.
 For phantasy, though it be fair,
 Hath never found a footing there.
 Then, soul, to joys of sense resign,
 Nor for a higher rapture pine ;
 Have here thine hour of heartfelt ease,
 Though, veiled by the still, listening trees,
 That mask the cornfield's tawny side,
 I guess the falling swaths of gold,
 The stalwart arms with sleeves uprolled,
 The reapers' devastating stride ;
 The charm still works : not yet, not yet
 For me the crooked scythe they whet,
 Nor shall its long, devouring hiss
 Have power to rob me of my bliss,
 Telling a tale none crediteth—
 Some bugaboo of Time and Death.

G. M. COOKSON.

MR. AYMER VALLANCE'S work on "Old Crosses and Lychgates," which will be published very shortly by Messrs. Batsford, is the first to classify, according to their design, the various types erected in England. The numerous illustrations from photographs and drawings include many fine crosses which have disappeared, or survive only in a mutilated form.

REVIEWS

THE DIGNITY OF POETRY

OCTOBER ; AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Bridges. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

FLOWERS OF THE GRASS. By Maurice Hewlett. (Constable. 5s. net.)

COUNTRY SENTIMENT. By Robert Graves. (Secker. 5s. net.)

THE mere accident of publication has brought these three books together ; but there is more substance in this accident than in most. The books are roughly of equal size, exactly of equal price, and they are the work of poets of three generations. We suggest, not that each or any of these poets is characteristic of his generation, but only that their ages give a (perhaps adventitious) point to a comparison between them.

Each of these poets has, and expresses, a conception, or a philosophy, of poetry. Conceptions of poetry are always interesting ; they are a dangerous and necessary part of the equipment of a modern poet, as tell-tale and fascinating as the eyes of a student of character. Therefore we will set them out in order. In his Tercentenary Ode to Shakespeare Dr. Bridges has a vision of the Angel of Earth :

It was not terror in his eyes nor wonder,
 That glance of the intimate exaltation
 Which lieth as Power under all Being,
 And broodeth in Thought above. . . .

I hear his voice in the music of lamentation,
 In echoing chant and cadenced litany,
 In country song and pastoral piping

And silvery dances of mirth :
 And oft, as the eyes of a lion in the brake,
 His presence hath startled me,
 In austere shapes of beauty lurking,
 Beautiful for Beauty's sake ;
 As a lonely blade of life

Ariseth to flower whensoever the unseen Will
 Stirreth with kindling aim the dark fecundity of Being.

Mr. Hewlett's is a simpler creed ; he addresses his poet in these words :

You had the uxorious eye
 Which woos the universe,
 To make a marriage-tie
 For better or for worse,
 Whose progeny
 Your heart receiv'd to nurse. . . .

And thought him worse than dark
 Who with dull ears and eyes
 Could heed the soaring lark
 Spray with clear song the skies,
 Or watch to his arc
 The golden sun arise.

And the faith of Mr. Graves is simpler still :

May sudden justice overtake
 And snap the froward pen,
 That old and palsied poets shake
 Against the minds of men.

Blasphemers trusting to hold caught
 In far-flung webs of ink,
 The utmost ends of human thought
 Till nothing's left to think.

But may the gift of heavenly peace
 And glory for all time
 Keep the boy Tom who tending geese
 First made the nursery rhyme.

From the conjunction it would appear that Mr. Graves is calling down fire and brimstone upon the head of the Poet Laureate in person ; but Mr. Graves, we are sure, is not so rash or sacrilegious as all that. He merely means that he does not like serious poetry ; but he does like nursery rhymes.

If we compare these professions in content and in form, we have no doubt which is the work of the considerable

poet. If we set, for a moment, the thought aside, Dr. Bridges' mastery of language and rhythm is evident. Beside him Mr. Hewlett and Mr. Graves are alike rhymesters. But there is a difference between them; there are more differences than one. The first is that Mr. Graves would obviously not object in the least to be called a rhymester: he invites the appellation. Mr. Hewlett, we feel, does not. A second is that Mr. Hewlett is vulgar; Mr. Graves is not. At the worst Mr. Graves is schoolboyish and impertinent. Mr. Hewlett's vice is radical. We can safely say that the man who defines the poet as one "who woos the universe with an uxorious eye" is himself no poet, whatever else he may be. Therefore we are not much surprised to find at the end of what is intended to be a poem in honour of the peasant of the Wiltshire downs this indescribable verse:

In task-work plain beyond a doubt;
Needing no bolster-speech or sermon:
He, Gurd, was there to clean them out—
He'd kill a pig: why not a German?

Mr. Hewlett would, we believe, retort with surprise and indignation that he is merely speaking truth. We leave the Wiltshire peasants to settle that account. But, if it were true, the condemnation falls only the more heavily on the rhymester who spends three or four pages of doggerel in celebrating men whom he can thus epitomize. It is not in the narrow sense any moral deficiency that puts Mr. Hewlett outside the pale of poetry; it is a fundamental vice of taste, that is as evident in his commonplace rhythms, and his misuse of language (of which the two verses of his poetic creed supply copious instances), as in the temper which can end a poem which precedes the one from which we last quoted with these words:

How should I falter and refuse
What blood my heart has yet in store,
To write in it the holy dues
Of you who fought the Holy War?

Such things are impossible not only to Dr. Bridges, but to Mr. Graves also; impossible, because there is a fineness of the moral fibre, not peculiar to poets, which is indispensable to poetry. That Mr. Graves could not be guilty of such a thing, though far from proving him a poet, or even a poet in the making, means at least that there is nothing essentially alien to poetry in him. His fortune will be decided by the outcome of the narrower but intense battle with his art.

Mr. Graves, we think, suffers at present from not having realized that the province he has deliberately chosen for himself, though small, is very hard to subdue. It is not enough to be simple yourself in order to achieve simplicity. Mr. Graves is genuinely boyish, as we can tell by the ring of conviction that sounds in some of his successful and very charming verses. We do not imagine that success in a little genre could be more completely attained than, for instance, in "Advice to Lovers":

I knew an old man at a Fair
Who made it his twice-yearly task
To clamber on a cider-cask
And cry to all the yokels there:—

*Lovers to-day and for all time
Preserve the meaning of my rhyme:
Love is not kindly nor yet grim
But does to you as you to him.*

*Whistle, and Love will come to you,
Hiss, and he fades without a word,
Do wrong, and he great wrong will do,
Speak, he retells what he has heard.*

*Then all you lovers have good heed,
Vex not young Love in word or deed:
Love never leaves an unpaid debt,
He will not pardon nor forget.*

The old man's voice was sweet yet loud
And this shows what a man was he,
He'd scatter apples to the crowd
And give great draughts of cider, free.

That, we say, is charming; and charming things will always be worth making. Mr. Graves, then, by the recommendation of this piece, and "Pot and Kettle" and a few other similar verses, shall have the congenial post of making our rhyme-books. It is an important office in the republic, but we are confident that he will not abuse it.

Poetry is another matter. Hard by the meadow of nursery rhymes lies, it is true, the windswept common of ballad. It is a blasted heath where the incautious traveller risks lightning and sudden death. The most genuine boyishness is of no avail to disarm and make its own the pity and terror that live there, but only gaunt experience. Behind a true ballad lies the grim wisdom of generations of hunted men who have snatched at life. They have mapped their universe, simply; but their knowledge is become an instinct: they carry in their minds, as on their bodies, nothing that can be spared; and their forgotten art is an art of essentials. Bigger men than Mr. Graves have failed in the effort to recapture it, and perhaps his failure is no worse than theirs; but it is irrevocable and absolute.

Soft and thick the snow lay,
Stars danced in the sky.
Not all the lambs of May-day
Skip so bold and high.

Your feet were dancing, Alice,
Seemed to dance on air,
You looked a ghost or angel
In the starlight there.

Your eyes were frosted starlight,
Your heart fire and snow.
Who was it said, "I love you"?

Alice.

Mother, let me go!

Mr. Graves is, though he may not be aware of it, playing at ballads; the result is falsity. We have only to consider "Your heart was fire and snow," first in itself, then in its context, to discover how infinitely remote is this delightful rhymester from the true ballad substance. In this exacting kind he becomes merely rhetorical; and if we had nothing better than his achievements in it to go upon we should have to give the most peremptory denial to his claim.

Now I begin to know at last,
These nights when I sit down to rhyme,
The form and measure of that vast
God we call Poetry, he who stoops
And leaps me through his paper hoops
A little higher every time.

But Mr. Graves has leaped at least half through something sterner than a paper hoop in "Sospan Fach." Whether he will achieve more permanent success in a higher kind than childish rhyme, the evidence is too slight to permit conjecture. He obviously needs to be much more critical of himself when he passes outside what seems to be his natural bent; for his failures in dealing with other emotions than the pleasant thrill of rhyming are, with the exception we have noticed, failures not in the superficialities but in the essence of poetry.

Even though it was possible to associate Mr. Graves with Dr. Bridges for a moment in order to differentiate them both from Mr. Hewlett, it is a very real shock to pass from a high-spirited and robust rhymester to the most accomplished English metrist living. The first verse of the first poem of Dr. Bridges' book takes us into the world of art:

April adance in play
met with his lover May
where she came garlanded.
The blossoming boughs o'erhead
were thrill'd to bursting by
the dazzle from the sky
and the wild music there
that shook the odorous air. . . .

We have a poet here with an instrument adaptable to the highest or the most exquisite intuition; and the disappointment, if we may call it disappointment, of this small book is that so much of its room is taken up by poems of a more or less official inspiration. Not that Dr. Bridges finds the writing of a formal ode uncongenial: his mastery of the high Miltonic style must make such composition pleasurable to him even when the theme is not peculiarly his own. But the difference between the ode to Shakespeare in this book or the earlier ode to Purcell and the poems celebrating the various events of the war is very sensible. No incident of war calls forth so secure a note as the opening of this response to Shakespeare:

Kind dove-wing'd Peace, for whose green olive-crown
The noblest kings would give their diadems,
Mother who hast ruled our home so long,
How suddenly art thou fled!
Leaving our cities astir with war. . . .

And if we set the book aside with a faint regret that it contains no sonnet equal to the finest in "The Growth of Love," and no short poem which will live in the memory as certain of his earlier lyrics have done, the regret is more than outweighed by the deep satisfaction we feel that our Poet Laureate is a poet. Nothing he writes, be the occasion never so official or the inspiration tenuous, is marred by a touch of shoddy; the dignity of poetry is safe in his hands. This dignity has no pomposity. It is only a name for the austerity and candour that mark the true artist; for the manifest determination not to deceive himself or his audience, to be certain that the emotion to be expressed belongs to the finest of which he is capable, and the expression as exact, precise and perfect as lavish pains can make it. To acquire dignity of this kind not only Mr. Graves, but many another would-be poet of to-day has an arduous road to tread.

J. M. M.

THE FALL OF KUT

MY CAMPAIGN IN MESOPOTAMIA. By Major-General Sir Charles V. F. Townshend. (Thornton Butterworth. 28s. net.)

IF the first campaign in Mesopotamia is not the best-known episode of the war it is not for lack of information, and Sir Charles Townshend's contribution is one that will appeal to the student of military affairs not only for the light it casts on the motives that moved him, but also and even more as a careful and frank study of a campaign which must ever be memorable in our history. In some respects it was characteristic; in some unique. It is our way to throw troops into hostile country without providing the means of movement. But there are few, if any, of these adventures which lived in so piecemeal a fashion, and were pushed on to disaster in defiance of military theory.

Sir Charles Townshend took the field as commander of the Sixth Division in succession to General Barrett, who retired through ill-health, in April, 1915; and in the last month of the year his offensive operations had ceased and he was shut up in Kut. He had fought three battles, and his Sixth Division had proved itself a splendid fighting unit. But the influence of the commander was a factor which one inferred. He enjoyed an extraordinary prestige with his troops and his success had been considerable. The only doubt anyone could have had was the necessity of these battles, for Townshend's own idea was to occupy "the towns of Kurna, on the Tigris, in the bifurcation of the Tigris and Euphrates, Nasiriyeh, and Ahwaz, on the Carun river, all of which were avenues of approach for the enemy, with minimum forces strongly entrenched and with ammunition and provisions for six months. The principal mass of my forces would have been installed in the vicinity of Basra in an entrenched camp whose

guns menaced that city and port." Taking Mesopotamia as a secondary theatre, this was sound military theory; and General Townshend reveals himself throughout as that rarest of British products, a thoughtful, well-instructed student of scientific warfare.

But he was not in command of the Expeditionary Force and had to take orders from Sir John Nixon. Indeed, he had to obey orders that were at times against his own judgment, to fight with insufficient forces, to take the field with a unit that lacked, even at the outset, essential elements of force. The critic may suggest that he could have refused or have urged his objections more forcibly. But Townshend was a student of Napoleon, and, having made his objections and been overruled, he held it his duty to obey. At Kurna, where he had no misgivings, despite the difficulty of attacking an enemy protected by floods and the turns of a winding river, his plans were well thought out and his success deserved. The manner in which he improved the occasion by the capture of Amara shows that, having thought out his battle plans, he could on occasion take the risk which held the potentialities of a greater success. He followed the retreating Turks up the river, first in the *Espigle*, until the water became too shallow, and then in the *Comet*, in which, with some 25 British sailors and soldiers, he received the surrender of Halim Bey, the Turkish commander, the Governor of Amara, some 30 or 40 officers and a whole battalion of Turkish pompiers. Before the first of his troops arrived, the next day, the Arabs in Amara had got thoroughly out of hand. He was then ordered to take Kut, and did so after the first engagement at Es Sinn.

It was a more formidable undertaking; but once more his success was well deserved. He then informed Sir John Nixon of his view of the situation, which was substantially that already outlined except that now he proposed to hold Kut as an advanced post. He was against an attempt to take Bagdad with his small force; but Sir John Nixon and the Government thought otherwise, and hence the Pyrrhic victory at Ctesiphon, at which Sir John was present. This marked the turn of the tide, and he was compelled to fall back by the Turkish reinforcements. His decision to stand at Kut was justified by the extreme exhaustion of his troops, and there is little necessity to introduce strategic reasons for it, though it served to hold up the Turks and cover the concentration of the expected reinforcements. It is inevitable that the tendency should be to judge it by theoretical standards; but it was a practical problem and General Townshend cannot be held responsible for the disastrous end of the siege. Never in the war did British officers show to such disadvantage as in the miserable attempts at relief. They were marked by unparalleled horror; and the tragedy is merely accentuated by the unfair suggestions that Townshend's starving troops should have cut their way out to Aylmer on March 9, braving the floods and sacrificing the wounded.

It was not his fault that the prisoners were so maltreated in captivity. Before surrender he was careful to insist that they should be well treated, and when called upon to act as an intermediary between the Turks and the British, at the end of the war, his first condition was that his troops should be set at liberty. No one can read General Townshend's own account of the campaign and still think him either haphazard or pusillanimous. His plans were ever carefully thought out, his decisions rapid and bold, his resolution unflagging. His unhappy fate it was to be only a pawn in the hands of irresponsible and bungling players, and his book is welcome for its dispassionate, candid and competent account of his stewardship in a subordinate executive command.

A GUIDE-BOOK TO LITERATURE

TWENTIETH-CENTURY FRENCH WRITERS. By Madame Mary Duclaux. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

FOR readers unacquainted with contemporary French literature—readers who “may be disappointed at not meeting [in Madame Duclaux’s pages] with those illustrious spirits with whom for five-and-twenty years they have been familiar: Pierre Loti, Paul Bourget and Anatole France”—this volume should be a useful literary guide-book. Mme. Duclaux tells us what are the main objects of interest in the world of letters, she gives a certain number of facts and dates, she passes judgments. Anyone who followed her round and read all the books she mentions would have at least a passable idea of what was happening on the other side of the Channel. But those who already know something about twentieth-century French literature will find not a few things to complain of in Mme. Duclaux’s Baedeker.

Their first and most legitimate criticism—that the book is marred by important omissions—has been to some extent, it is true, disarmed by Mme. Duclaux herself: “Given the limits of my little volume, I was compelled to make a choice. . . . Why should some be taken and others left? Why accept Rostand and reject Bataille? Why give Madame de Noailles and say nothing of Fernand Gregh?” And why, we complain, why say not a word of Jules Romains, whose two pre-war novels were among the finest and most original pieces of twentieth-century French literature, and whose “Europe” has proved him a poet of real eminence? Why omit Rémy de Gourmont and Jules Renard and, for all his absurdities, Guillaume Apollinaire? One could go on lengthening this list of “Why’s” until their repetition should make this review look like Wordsworth’s “Anecdote for Fathers.”

The next criticism is that Mme. Duclaux, like Baedeker, has doubly and even trebly starred certain things to which we should have given only a single asterisk, or perhaps none at all. Thus we find the later nationalistic Barrès distinguished by as many stars as Herr Baedeker allotted to the Lion Brewery at Munich, the Taj Mahal and the Great Pyramid. The self-absorbed Stendhalian Barrès of the earlier novels gets barely a single star. And yet the Barrès of “Le Jardin de Bérénice” and “L’Ennemi des Lois” is surely a better writer than the author of the Alsatian novels. Then there is Rostand. He is spoken of as though he were a literary monument worthy of attention, a Sainte Chapelle at the least instead of a Trocadéro or plaster-built palace in the White City. To Georges Duhamel she gives what is, in our opinion, an insufficient number of stars. One may not altogether admire his pre-war Unanimiste poetry or the pulpit manner of his recent utterances; but to “Vie des Martyrs” and “Civilisation” nothing short of the highest praise is due. There are, too, a good many names in Mme. Duclaux’s book which it was not really necessary to include. A hurried sightseer wants to hear only of the best works of art, the most striking objects of interest, and Mme. Duclaux has included a number of very definitely second-rate authors in her list. In a comprehensive history the second-rate author has his rightful and important place; but in a guide-book for foreign literary tourists he is a superfluity.

One closes a volume like this of Mme. Duclaux with a pleasant glow of patriotic pride. For, inevitably, it conjures up a comparison. One places this score or so of contemporary French names side by side with the corresponding twenty English names. After duly comparing, measuring and weighing them, one sees no reason to be unduly ashamed or depressed about twentieth-century English literature. On the contrary. . . .

A. L. H.

A PACIFIST WAR-BOOK

THE FRIENDS’ AMBULANCE UNIT, 1914-1919: A RECORD. Edited by Meaburn Tatham and James E. Miles. (Swarthmore Press. 21s.)

OLD members of the F.A.U. may be tempted to complain that this record of their activities reads too much like a Government Blue Book; that the Unit’s history was really an astonishing romance, and that it has been told in terms of dates, figures, and even graphs. They received no publicity during the war; are they not now entitled to a warmer measure of praise and congratulation than this book affords? But the editors have chosen wisely and executed well. Attitudinizing is the very last failure to which the Society of Friends should be liable; gestures and postures are often the sole reward which unpopular minorities allow themselves, but they are none the less pernicious. During the war the policy of the Unit, transmitted from its splendid chairman, Sir George Newman, and loyally accepted by the members, was to get on quietly with the work in hand just so long as that work was compatible with the first principles of the association; when incompatibility became demonstrable, then other work must be sought, but always quietly and sincerely, without any rant or pretentiousness. In this spirit the editors have compiled their record of achievement: their work is admirably clear, brief, and well divided, and shows a healthy distrust of epithets. It touches every phase of work from the hospital ship and the motor-ambulance abroad to the varieties of general service at home; and it never allows the reader to forget that the main portion of the Unit’s life was drudgery.

But there is more in the Unit’s record than mere detail of movements. The editors have drawn upon the private notes and letters of individual members, and these sketches of life in Flanders, France, and on the seas bring just the right touch, for they are lively, but not egoistic, and show a cheerful confidence in the form of service undertaken without ever lapsing into priggishness. The notes and extracts thus reflect the spirit of the editors’ story and are quite free of the taint of war-time journalism. But most old members of the Unit will feel that modesty might have been spared in the case of the chairman. To maintain an unenlisted, civilian Unit in the war zones and—still more hazardous—under the angry eyes of the carnivorous old folks at home was a formidable task indeed. Sir George Newman is one of the busiest men in England, but he always found time to solve intricate problems of administration, to face the military authorities on the question of control, and to save the situation when the prospects were blackest. Without him the Unit could scarcely have continued to be: the members knew this and would surely have liked a fuller recognition of the fact in their official history.

The Unit had capable and imaginative artists serving with it, and some of their work is included in the record. Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson was with them in Flanders for a time, and his haunting picture of the wounded in the Dunkirk evacuation sheds is reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Arnold Bennett. There are several pieces of Mr. Ernest Proctor’s work, both in colour and black-and-white. Mr. Proctor has a sure sense of simple design, and can hit off the atmosphere of a wrecked village or a road in Flanders with economy and precision. Thus the pictures harmonize very happily with the terse, straightforward method in which the strange, eventful history of a thousand men over four and a half portentous years has been narrated for remembrance’ sake. The record is both worthy and typical of the cause.

I. B.

At an ordinary meeting of the Royal Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, at 4.30 p.m. next Wednesday, Mr. Joseph Thorp will lecture on “The Fundamental Basis of Good Printing.”

ROUSSEAU UP TO DATE

SOCIAL THEORY. By G. D. H. Cole. "The Library of Social Studies." (Methuen. 5s. net.)

A QUARTER of a century ago political theory, as taught in the books and the Universities, was simple, dogmatic and apparently final. There was the "Sovereign State," representative government, and an economic system working, on the whole harmoniously, outside the control of the State and (so far as economists cared to see) unaffected by political institutions. For the fact that its whole operation depends on the law of property and inheritance was not (and, indeed, commonly is not now) attended to by those who analyzed it. Professor Sidgwick's "Elements of Politics," first published in the eighties, is the last systematic effort to bring the complex and recalcitrant material within this scheme of notions. And now how curiously unreal, irrelevant, and out of date appears that admirable effort of an impartial intellect!

The shifting of the whole point of view has been mainly effected by the pressure of Socialism upon orthodox economics. But there has been also an independent movement in the purely political field. The two pillars of political theory, as it was taught from the time of Bentham onwards, were the Sovereignty of the State, and representative government based on local constituencies. Both have been severely shaken, if not uprooted, both in theory and in practice. The Sovereignty of the State had three aspects—legal, political and ethical. As a legal doctrine it asserted that in every political society there must be a person or persons invested with a power not to be disputed, save by rebellion, and unlimited, in the sense that whatever it ordained, the courts must accept and the executive enforce. This was regarded as a matter of definition. And the definition did apply to the British Parliament, which, as we know, could legally decree the destruction of all the first-born, or the reduction of any self-governing Dominion to the status of an African protectorate. Such a conception is clearly not very interesting to anyone except lawyers, and, further, it is hardly applicable to any State except the British. For it is precisely the object of all written constitutions to prevent the vesting of such uncontrolled legal powers in any person or persons. And no one has ever been able to show where sovereignty, in this sense, resides in the United States, or even in France.

Politically, the doctrine (not indeed by strict logic, but by a natural psychology) easily glided into the view that the State has a valid claim to extend its control indefinitely, and to regulate, direct and suppress at its will the lives of individuals and the operations of any and every association formed by them. From this point of view, the doctrine went back to the "Leviathan" of Hobbes; and lovers of liberty like Lord Acton protested against it on that ground. The freest State in Europe, said that paradoxical, learned and sometimes profound historian, is Austria-Hungary; for there is the most complex balance of forces mutually checking one another. The State, in proportion as it is Sovereign, will be tyrannical.

Lastly, the doctrine of Rousseau, with his impeccable "General Will," passing through Hegel's dialectical mill and camouflaged by British idealism, invested the Sovereign State almost with the attributes of Deity, put it above morals as well as above law, and reduced the individual citizen to a mere imperfect and transient vehicle of its supreme, unchallengeable and perfect being. Professor Bosanquet is the principal exponent of this view in England.

The sovereignty thus attributed to the State should be embodied, it was held, in a representative system; and, in general, the form of that system was thought to be finally determined. Power should be vested in an assembly

elected on a wide franchise in local constituencies, and Government should be responsible to this assembly. This was fundamental. The points in dispute were minor ones, such as the exact extent of the franchise, the method of voting, and the constitution and powers of a Second Chamber. On the whole, and broadly, British experience and institutions were the last word of political wisdom, and, though they might develop in detail, their main lines were irrevocably and fortunately fixed.

How odd all this looks now! Right and left the Sovereign State is challenged, both in fact (by the menace of "Direct Action") and as an ideal. The Leviathans of the political world have revealed themselves as savage monsters preying on one another. And as they lie spouting their life-blood and bellowing their hate, the members who compose them, and are sacrificed by and for them, begin to ask: "What are we doing in these bodies?" Theoretically, indeed, the members not only compose but control the bodies. They are "represented" by the Governments. But in fact? At every turn, in every relation, they feel themselves misrepresented. They turn and writhe as in a Nessus shirt. Their organ of directing and co-ordinating life seems to have turned into a cancer and to be preying on the system it should sustain.

It is this sickness of political society that Mr. Cole undertakes both to diagnose and to cure. His political ideas he has expressed, hitherto, rather in parenthesis, in the course of discussions of the proper organization of industrial life. But in the very able and pregnant little book before us he gives the outline of a systematic political theory. At the centre stands (where he should stand) the individual. And thus, at a blow, that idol, the "Superman," or Leviathan, falls from his pedestal and crumbles into dust. The individual is the purpose and end, and much of his life (just that part which is the most important) he carries on in his own mind and heart and soul, independently of political association. He falls in love, he writes poetry, he worships his God; and it is in order that he may do these things freely that the whole organization of society exists. But he is also a social animal, both of necessity and by choice, and to express his social nature he forms associations. These are various and numerous; and among them there is no hierarchy of excellence. Some, however, are more essential, that is, more necessary, than others, as bread is more essential than prayer, for it is a condition of the power to pray.

These essential associations are either economic or political. Economic associations may be divided into those of producers and those of consumers (in Mr. Cole's language they are either "Vocational" or "Appetitive"). A political association is one "of which the main purpose is to deal with those personal relationships which arise directly out of the fact that men live together in communities, and which require and are susceptible to social organization." The definition is somewhat indefinite, nor is the scope of what it would include made altogether clear in subsequent exposition. But the regulation of marriage, of crime, and of lunacy is mentioned as a function of the political association. Such an association, however, is conceived to be no more "Sovereign" than any other. It is not even to control the force of the whole society. That control is given to a special co-ordinating and coercive body, representative of the essential economic and political groups. Will that body then be "Sovereign"? Not in the old and full sense. It will exercise coercion in the last resort. But it will not have the power or the right to create, to determine or, in all respects, to control other associations. Mr. Cole's conception of society is that of a number of associations, each existing by its own right, each acting freely within its own sphere, and all co-operating freely with one another, subject only in the last resort to the co-ordinating activity

of a body representing themselves. Many questions, it is clear, arise in theory, and must arise in practice, as to the delimitation of powers between these bodies. But the general arrangement aimed at is sufficiently clear.

By this formal abolition of the Sovereignty of the State Mr. Cole hopes to secure the autonomy of all associations. But, further, he hopes by his system to secure a comparatively accurate representation of the wills of individuals. He recognizes indeed, with Rousseau, that all representation involves some distortion. But he urges that this distortion will be less in proportion as the functions of representatives are definite and single. The present system, whereby the whole of the individual is supposed to be represented by a member in a sovereign political assembly, is the worst possible for securing the desired result. The citizen is compelled to hand over all his powers and interests *en bloc* to a person he cannot effectively check or watch or guide in any particular matter. It is for that reason that the individual elector has become submerged in the party machine, and that he finds the acts and legislation of a supposedly democratic assembly to be as arbitrary and remote from his will as those of any despot. All democratic countries (most notably and obviously the United States) are feeling this difficulty, and trying desperately by every kind of device—referendum, initiative, recall, elaborate constitutional provisions—to recover control over their own representatives. Mr. Cole's remedy is to multiply representative bodies, and assign to each some definite one of those many purposes which the individual can only fulfil in association. The individual, in a word, is to divide himself into a number of aspects, each functioning in a single representative organization: and each of these bodies, it is thought, he will be able effectively to control, since it will be doing something definite, within his grasp, and obviously relevant to his interests. The contention is that a man will give a more intelligent vote for a school board, a trade union executive, the committee of a co-operative society or a club, than he will for a member of Parliament. If it be objected that he will not, that most electors will, in fact, be too busy and indifferent to attend to the proceedings of all these bodies, even though it be clear that they affect his daily life and action, the reply is made that at least all will have been done that can be done to secure effective control over representatives. The indifferent will suffer. But at least they will suffer only because of their indifference, not because of a radical imperfection in the representative system.

Enough has been said to indicate the main lines of Mr. Cole's thinking. If he were only planning in the air, as Rousseau was when he wrote his "Social Contract," it might be possible to dismiss his book as "mere theory," however interesting. But in fact he is in close touch with the Labour movement, the Guild movement, and all the new forces that are struggling for expression. The disease he diagnoses is a real one, and the remedies he suggests are of the kind that real forces are feeling after. He is a Rousseau furnished with experience and interpreting creative forces. For that reason his book must be taken very seriously, not only by teachers, but by politicians and reformers. It will rouse keen discussion and hot dissent. Mr. Cole will welcome both. For though his manner is dogmatic, his method is tentative and moulds itself on facts. His French logic has been grafted on an English mind.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

THE "Old Vic" is celebrating Shakespeare's birthday. Very few playgoers have seen "Hamlet" given in its entirety. It will be so played by the "Old Vic" company on April 10 at 1.15, and repeated on April 24 at the same time. "Coriolanus" will be given (with Miss Genevieve Ward as Volumnia) on April 12, 14, 16, at 7.30, April 15 at 2, and May 8 at 2.30.

SWEET ARE THE USES . . .

LOOKING FORWARD. By Charles Frederick Higham. (Nisbet. 12s. 6d. net.)

IT is obvious that the successful publicity agent must have a fair knowledge of mass psychology, and for that reason we had always supposed that a really eminent publicity expert, one knowing the secret springs that move great nations, would be cynical and disillusioned, although, it may be, with a heart that bled for the folly of mankind. We imagined, in fact, a man combining some of the qualities of Mr. Trotter with some of those of Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor. What we were not prepared for is the publicity agent revealed in Mr. Higham's book—naïve, candid, enthusiastic as a schoolgirl. He has a perfect understanding of the means by which public opinion is created; he knows that the appeal must always be "emotional," that the leader who makes even slight demands upon the knowledge or reasoning power of the man in the street is condemned to be incomprehensible and unpopular. He knows the immense formative power of mere repetition and even of such things as tricks of type. But the human attributes which, as a recent writer has said, arouse the contempt of the man of science and the disgust of the humanitarian are accepted with indifference by Mr. Higham, or even with a certain gusto. These human qualities, which have agonized saints and turned gentle historians into pessimists, are merely the "givens" of Mr. Higham's problem, the foundations on which he builds his ingenious constructions. Frankly we find something irritating about this cheery acceptance. Mr. Higham is so at home with the "mass mind" that, as we read on, the conception of humanity as a collection of different individuals gradually fades away; there are no faces in this crowd, merely little oval spaces all of the same size and shape. We suppose that Mr. Higham's assumptions are right—his career is there to prove it. But we are disinclined to accept these facts as unalterable, to see humanity for ever as this featureless, infinitely plastic stuff.

But even granting, as we must, that Mr. Higham is wise in his generation, we energetically protest against the use he would make of his knowledge. His contention is, briefly, that the Government should use the Press, and such other media as may be effective, in a systematic, incessant and highly expert manner, to present the Truth to the public. In these days of subtle propaganda, when we are unprecedentedly aware of the complete indifference to mere abstract truth that characterizes all Governments and, indeed, all bodies possessing authority, there is something almost amazing in the naïveté of this suggestion. Even were we sufficiently impervious to experience to assume good faith behind these presentations of the truth, there remains Pilate's devastating question. One of Mr. Higham's suggestions is, for instance, that publicity should be given to the "truth" that direct action leads to pure anarchy. We can imagine either Lord Sydenham or Mr. Bertrand Russell expounding this theorem; but surely Mr. Higham would not consider it a matter of indifference which of these gentlemen wrote his publicity copy.

This objection, it seems to us, is fundamental and sufficient. Mr. Higham's only possible reply is to admit equal publicity to all aspects of his "truths"—which is impracticable. An approximation is possible and is what we already have. It could be better done—the approximation could be carried further; we are even willing to admit that publicity experts could be usefully employed in presenting these views to the public. So much we may concede to Mr. Higham, but it seems a small point on which to write a whole book, above all one with a title which recalls Edward Bellamy.

J. W. N. S.

MARTIAL AND ROME

THE EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL. With an English Translation by Walter C. A. Ker. Vol. I. (Books 1-7). "The Loeb Classical Library." (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT would be amusing to hear Martial's comment on Mr. Ker's translation. "Let no man rewrite my epigrams," he says. "Improbe facit qui in alieno libro ingeniosus est." And if there be any man "so pretentiously prudish that to his mind in no page it is permissible to speak plain Latin," Martial would have him content himself with the preface or the title-page. What would he say of a translator who has conscientiously run through seven books of his unseemliness, rendering in English all epigrams possible of translation by the use of dashes or paraphrases, but serving up for the wholly impossible ones the Italian scurrilities of Giuspanio Graglia? He would have been amused, we imagine, but not greatly indignant. We at any rate, though we smile at Mr. Ker's embarrassment, cannot blame him for the result. When timid persons deplore the frank indecency of our own Elizabethans, we are angry. Elizabethan drama is indecent just because it is so much alive. If you translated Aristophanes with the aid of paraphrases and dashes you would prove yourself unworthy to translate him, because life is really the grotesque and splendid paradox that Aristophanes has made it. The dung-beetle soars to heaven, but there's no question that dung-beetles live on dung. Only in Aristophanes they also soar to heaven, and there's the joke of it. Or, again, if you objected to the passionate sincerity of Catullus, or thought it proper to dilute his terrible and blasting rhetoric, when it became "impossible," with Esperanto, no amount of pretty sentiment about poor Lesbia's sparrow would excuse you. But for Martial's filth your dashes and your paraphrases, and even your Giuspanio Graglia, are excusable, at any rate. His filth is filth, and nothing more. It has no Shakespearean jollity, no Rabelaisian gusto. It has nothing of a Byron's self-contempt and irony and pity; nor of Webster's tortured indignation at the pushing, clutching, climbing, pullulating energies of a futile human menagerie. It is simply a frigid trick, tried and repeated and again repeated, with all the ingenious variety which the author's unrivalled cleverness can suggest, because it is common form in Domitian's Rome that epigrams should be indecent. Martial himself, we feel, is not amused—simply he caters for the fashion. He gives the public what it wants. Epigrams should be spicy. Very well, Martial supplies an article more highly spiced, more elegantly served, more cunningly devised to tickle and surprise a jaded palate than any other vendor of such cheap commodities.

The fashion to which Martial thus conformed was not the result of a frank joy in life, an animal exuberance. It was the cynical admission of a dead-alive society that nothing seemed really worth while. These pleasure-hunters were haunted by two spectres: death, on the one hand, and the fear of what might happen after death, and, on the other, boredom. Drugs were employed to lay both evils: strange Oriental superstitions for the former, and for the latter, dinner-parties, spectacles and little books of verse. It was because society was both afraid of death and bored with life that such a monster as Domitian was so long tolerated. And Martial's lavish compliments to this strange "Lord and God" are, like his improprieties, simply in the fashion. Verrall's attempt to rescue Martial's reputation was quixotic, generous, but absurd. For provincials to describe the Emperor as "deus" was, he says, "the simplest way of saying that the Empire deserved from them as human beings gratitude and veneration. And so it did." It is as if Domitian were a sort of Great White Queen, and Martial a poor

gaping savage out of Africa, thanking Heaven for Roman civilization and for all the majesty and beauty of the perfect monarch. As a matter of fact, Martial himself was a man of gentle habit, friendly and kind and simple. He knew quite well that the Lord and God of Roman society was vulgar, greedy, lecherous, and, above all, cruel. Martial's "Book of the Spectacula" is far more abominable than his most indecent epigrams, if cruelty be more intolerable than debauchery. This brilliant, pushing journalist would give the public what it wanted. Domitian was, perhaps, the most important member of the public. Domitian wanted flattery, and got it.

It is useless to attempt to make this little Spaniard respectable. It is enough to say that by his very baseness, his frank, contemptuous, contemptible acceptance of the work that Rome could offer, Martial not only sold his books, but made his picture of the sordid life of an Imperial city vivid, imperishable, true. He could not have drawn the picture had his conscience been more scrupulous. Nor could he have drawn it well had not the memory of Spain and some rusticity remained with him, to keep him witty and clear-sighted. It was Bilbilis that enabled him to see through Rome, and to outlive her.

J. T. SHEPPARD.

MYSTICA ET LYRICA. By Cloudeley Brereton. (Elkin Mathews. 6s. net.)—In his "Epistle Dedicatory" to the present Earl of Leicester the author very gracefully informs his "patron-in-chief" that, although Time alone can estimate the true value of his verses, the volume will at least remain a "most precious anthology of friends." Their "kindly readiness to go bail for my verses" is appropriately acknowledged by the publication of an imposing list in the good old style. The verses which some five hundred very responsible personages, including many who are noted in art and letters, have gone bail for, comprise some forty pieces, and one of the lyrics commences with the statement that

Calm is the lake.
Not a flake
Of foam, not a breath in the air.
Still in the sky
The clouds lie,
As if they had ever been there.

Which suggests that at least a dozen of the aforesaid guarantors will live to regret it, particularly as there is hardly an example in the whole volume which is completely free from such banality of thought and diction. Mr. Brereton's foreword reveals that he is engaged in education; can even that fact be justification for the "Ascent"?

Pray, Pessimist, why do you think us
For aye condemned to haunt the slime?
Just look at the ornithorhynchus!
The snake becomes a bird in time!

"To those who are indisposed by habit and temperament to worry over what is to them frankly insoluble," writes Mr. Brereton, "one would humbly suggest they begin at the end of the book and read the poems in inverse order. They will, if they do me the honour to read me aloud, possibly discover certain speech rhythms that are predominantly Norfolk, and therefore interesting to those who have ears to hear." We confess that we have not persevered beyond the stage of frank insolubility.

T. M.

A PREACHER of genius, if he were called upon, as the Primate of a national Church inevitably is, to find an inspiring thought for every State occasion, whether inherently great or trivial, might confess without shame that the task was beyond him. Still less should miracles of that kind be asked from the present Archbishop of Canterbury, whose gifts have always lain in administration rather than eloquence. It is enough that in the war and peace sermons collected under the title "The Testing of a Nation" (Macmillan, 6s.) he consistently expresses himself with dignity, good feeling, and in excellent English. At no stage of the war did Archbishop Davidson surrender to the jingoism of panic, and he was not afraid, at moments of general distraction, to remind the nation of its duty towards the enemy.

TWO MODERN NOVELS

AN IMPERFECT MOTHER. By J. D. Beresford. (Collins. 7s. net.)
TWO SISTERS. By R. H. Bretherton. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. BERESFORD and Mr. Bretherton, two of our more thoughtful writers, turning from the crowded noisy town where everybody knows everybody else, and there is not a house to be had or even a room that is bare of associations, turning equally from the vague outlines and spaces of the open country, have chosen to build their new novels in what might be called the Garden City of literature. It is only recently that the possibilities and the attractions of this desirable site have been discovered by the psycho-analysts, and the houses are still scattered and few, but there is no doubt as to its dawning popularity with the novelists. They do not seem to mind the chill hygienic atmosphere of a Garden City; the gardens in which poor Adam and Eve never could find a hiding-place from the awful eye of God or man; the asphalt roads with meek trees on either side standing up, as it were, to an "artistic" dance; the wire receptacles ready to catch the orange or banana peel of some non-resident savage, and the brand-new exposed houses which seem to breathe white enamel and cork linoleum and the works of Freud and Jung, which seem to defy you to find in them a dark corner or a shadowy stair, which seem to promise you that there never shall be a book upside down on the shelves or an unclaimed toothbrush in the bathroom, or a big summer hat—belonging to whom?—on the top of the wardrobe, or a box under the bed. All is "carefully thought out," "arranged for," all is in admirable order, and we imagine Mr. Beresford and Mr. Bretherton throwing open the doors of their new houses and declaring them ready for inspection. . .

"An Imperfect Mother" is an account of the youth and early manhood of Stephen Kirkwood, a pleasant, diligent boy whose ambition is to be a successful builder. His father is a bookseller; he has two sisters, one with spectacles and one without, and his imperfect mother is an artist. She plays the piano, she has a charming talent for telling little stories, and she is—we are told—gay, laughing, beautiful in a way that shocks the staid cathedral city of Medboro'. Up to the time the story opens she and Stephen have been, it is suggested, all in all to each other, but now she has fallen in love with the organist and her heart is divided. Stephen, too, smiled upon by the fourteen-year-old Margaret Weatherby, feels the stirring of a new affection, and thus it happens that when his mother puts his loyalty to a final test he fails her and she runs away from home. It is only later that we realize the significance of the scene when Stephen follows her, begs her to come back—and she laughs. Her cruel, hysterical laughter shocks him profoundly, and she lets him go.

Seven years pass and Stephen, highly successful in the building trade, is sent up to London to supervise a £150,000 job on the Embankment. There, in his loneliness, he seeks out his mother, and relations of a kind are renewed. But at the very moment of their meeting Margaret Weatherby reappears and again smiles. . . There is a repetition of the old conflict under a new guise. His mother, again on the point of running away, turns to him; but this time he is in love, and this time when he shows his heart to Margaret, she it is who laughs hysterically, cruelly. This is not to be borne, and in Stephen's despair he flings the problem at his mother. Why does he mind so much? Now we have the explanation. She remembers how when he was "a little bit of a toddling thing" he had got into one of his rages with her, and she had laughed, wildly, hysterically, cruelly, until he banged his head against the wall to stop her and had "a kind of fit." This has left a dark place in his mind, and it is this that accounts for his extreme susceptibility

to callous laughter. . . But, continuing the explanation, she tells him that the second time she laughed it was a sign of her despair. "I couldn't keep you off. That laugh was the best effort to defend myself." And—doesn't he now see that Margaret's laughter had the same meaning? He does, and his imperfect mother brings them together, even though she realizes that in so doing she loses Stephen for ever. But has she ever had him? Mr. Beresford does not allow us one single glimpse of their life together, in the early days, and in the "seven years after" meeting there is not a trace of real emotion. At his mother's demand to know why he wanted to know her we are told Stephen "plunged after essentials." This is a very cold plunge and, as far as we can see, a useless one. He brings nothing from the vasty deep. And does that explanation, which is intended, evidently, to warm and light up the whole pale book, do anything more than reveal its essential emptiness? The house is not furnished at all; nobody lives there. We should not be surprised if Mr. Beresford had written "To Let" on the last page. . .

In the opening chapters of "Two Sisters" the tempera-
ture is still depressingly low. There were two sisters; one was Ethel and one was Nell. Ethel was very, very good, but a prig; Nell was very, very bad and painted her face and waved at soldiers in passing trains, but she was not a prig. Ethel was married to Jim, a very architectural architect, and a modern house with all conveniences, but Nell was not married. "Oh, Nell, why are you so wicked?" "Don't bother me, Ethel!" "You must not talk to Ethel like that," says Jim. This goes on for a long time. Then the father of the two sisters loses all his money, and Nell goes away to start a music school and so help to keep her parents in their old home, but Ethel refuses to aid them because they will not give up the old home. "Can Ethel be a little cold-hearted?" thinks Jim, and is ashamed of the thought. Nell, finding herself with a Bohemian brother and sister for partners, discovers that she is not really fond of wickedness. She turns over a new leaf and becomes, in no time, a pattern young woman. But when her female partner decamps and leaves her alone in the house with Leonard, Ethel interferes.

Up to this point we have been led so gently and by such easy stages, that it is surprising to find Mr. Bretherton means to make an example of that priggish Ethel. Virtuous matron that she is, she refuses to believe in Nell's transformation, and after accusing her of living in sin, because the same roof shelters her and Leonard, Ethel ruins her sister's character by making her accusations public. To the pure all things are impure, and poor Nell has only to return home, ill and shattered as a result of Ethel's campaign, for the virtuous sister to diagnose her illness as "going to have a baby." Oh, how the reader hates Ethel when she makes her discovery known to her mother and to the family doctor, and how disappointed he is when the doctor lets Ethel off so lightly after all! Even Jim, the architect, when he appreciates the full extent of his wife's guilt, is not really angry. He could not be angry. There is, as it were, no place for him to be angry in. The author himself is in the same dilemma. Having placed Ethel in the Garden City and the modern house, he must, at all costs, keep her within bounds. And so we find ourselves positively ashamed of our little spirit of rage and only too ready to believe that Ethel will learn to be—not more charitable, in future—but a great deal more careful!

K. M

A BIOGRAPHY of the late Sir Swire Smith, M.P., whose pioneer work for technical instruction in this country made him widely known, is being written by Mr. Keighley Snowden. A keen and humorous observer of men and things, Sir Swire Smith left intimate notes of a romantic career, which brought him in friendly touch with many well-known people.

MARGINALIA

THESE is a kind of literature—and a very agreeable kind it is—in which the raw material of the subject is so rich and sumptuous in itself that the author's labour is lightened almost to nothingness. He has only to expose his material in a good strong light to be certain of success. The aim of this kind of literature is the discovery and criticism of human oddities and absurdities. It draws its matter from an inexhaustible mine which promises to be as rich ten thousand years hence as it is to-day, or as it was in the time of the Pharaohs.

I have before me two books which owe much of their charm and interest to the eternal and infinitely varied absurdities of our species. One is the Second Series of "Books in General," by Solomon Eagle,* and the other is Mr. E. V. Lucas's little biography of David Williams, founder of the Royal Literary Fund.† "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet . . ." and yet Solomon Eagle has discovered a gentleman called Mr. Finch Barnard, who has written a book about the soul, Shakespeare and similar topics in which there is a chapter headed: "Some Historical and Genealogical Evidences of the Descent of the Barnards and Finches from Charlemagne and from Adam." "Askenaz," Mr. Barnard goes on, "was the son of Gomer, who was the son of Japhet, eldest son of Noah, and elder branch to the Jews. Aventinus, however, makes Askenaz a fourth son of Noah. This great family was represented in England by the ancient Barnard and Finch family." Furthermore a "great and mystic significance attaches to the name of Barnard in regard to life and religion, and the mysterious relations between spiritual and animal life . . . There is not only a spiritual lien and a pedigree between themselves, but probably also a blood, as well as a spiritual, tie with Jesus Christ." Solomon Eagle's comment, "This is the sort of thing that happens to people who are too enthusiastic about their ancestors," is a superfluity. The extracts may safely be left to write their own criticism.

Solomon Eagle is happy in his choice of absurdities. He discovers the religious poetry of Joanna Southcott:

To warn their friend of ev'ry truth they know,
'Tis plain I did for them, the truth is so,
And so the bread is on the water cast,
And like thy uncle now the Jews will burst.

He might have added that Joanna still has followers; every Londoner must have noticed the posters which mysteriously made their appearance in our midst a few months ago: "The Bishops must open Joanna Southcott's box and save the country in its hour of peril." He discovers the poetry of John Whitcomb Riley, the anniversary of whose birth is now a public holiday in his native State. He discovers other things more subtly and delicately absurd—metaphysical titbits from the seventeenth century, pidgin-English dictionaries for Germans, speeches by the Prime Minister cut up into free verse.

In David Williams, Mr. Lucas has found a congenial theme. Williams lived in that palmy age of English style which witnessed the unbelievable efflorescence of Erasmus Darwin and Miss Anna Seward. The style of the period clings like a bright aura of absurdity round almost every figure of the closing years of the eighteenth

century. A man may be the most serious of characters, the most intelligent and enlightened, but he cannot fail to become a little ridiculous when he is described as "gay, ardent and sprightly, with a bosom languishing for pleasure." Owing to "The Loves of the Plants" and "The Economy of Vegetation" we find it, to-day, almost impossible to take Erasmus Darwin seriously. He was very nearly a great man; his style obliges us to treat him as a figure of fun. Mr. Lucas has very skilfully painted a portrait of Williams in which we see the central core of a serious character surrounded by the halo of absurdity with which our changed fashions of thought and speech have invested certain features of the period in which he lived.

What are the traits of style, what the intellectual preoccupations of our generation which will provide future Solomon Eagles and Lucases with material for their "Books in General" and their half-humorous biographies? It is a pleasing speculation, and one in which every writer on human absurdities should every now and then indulge. For there is a danger of believing absurdity to be absolute and self-evident to all, a danger, that is, of believing the opinions of one's own age and society to be the best of all possible opinions. As well say at once, with that great anonymous writer of nonsense who called himself modestly "A. Nobody,"

My nose myself I painted white
Because, you know, I'm always right.

AUTOLYCUS.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, April 2, 1920.

WHEN Mr. Bernard Shaw referred to "a quaint little offshoot of English Pre-Raphaelitism called the Gaelic Movement" most Irish readers of "John Bull's Other Island" must have felt that our restless expatriate was relying once more upon his imagination for the facts of modern Ireland. Mr. Shaw is only too frequently guilty of such aberrations when confronted with evidence of an Ireland unknown to his youthful experience of this country. If there was any definite allusion in that inaccurate generalization it must have been to the existence of the Cuala Press, which began in 1903 to revive the art of fine printing in Dublin. During the first four years eleven volumes were published, bearing the imprint of the Dun Emer Press, which was then renamed the Cuala Press, but has remained from the beginning under the management of Miss Elizabeth C. Yeats. The selection of the books and the general editorship of the series have been in the hands of Mr. W. B. Yeats, and a set of these twenty-nine volumes, printed on a hand-press in an attractive eighteenth-century type, has become "a scarce and desirable item," to quote the vernacular of the dealers. There was never any intention to challenge comparison with the productions of the Kelmscott Press, which was apparently the basis of Mr. Shaw's reference. At the same time, the Dun Emer and Cuala Press publications are singularly pleasing possessions to the bibliophile who is not merely a collector. Very few of the volumes are reprints, almost every one has an intrinsic literary value, and the beauty of the books lies in their independence of ornamentation for its own sake. They are easy to read, for Miss Yeats has always relied upon the craftsmanship of the printer for her effects.

The latest volume is "Further Letters of John Butler Yeats" (12s. 6d. net), which must be read in conjunction with "Passages from the Letters of John Butler Yeats," published three years ago in the same series. On this occasion the passages have been selected by Mr. Lennox Robinson, who differs from his predecessor in the earlier volume, Mr. Ezra Pound, in so far as his selections are longer and deal more consecutively with one subject. That, of course, may be due rather to the character of the letters placed at his disposal than to any contempt of *Planmaessigkeit* in Mr. Pound. The most obvious expectation aroused by the letters of an artist is that they will reveal his opinions on matters concerning his own art. Here that expectation

* "BOOKS IN GENERAL," By Solomon Eagle. Second Series. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

† "DAVID WILLIAMS, Founder of the Royal Literary Fund." By E. V. Lucas. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

is realized more fully than before, for the greater part of this book is concerned with a painter's reflections on painting. Mr. Yeats opens fire in his first sentence: "This new doctrine that art should not be representative is an absurdity," and "these pompous and impudent Cubists" are the objects of many pages of vivacious argument and discussion. He likens the modern scorn of imitation—"all art is imitation"—to the position of Rousseau when the merry Venetian lady "found him nervous and troubled amid the allurements of her boudoir." Her advice to him was: "Go and study mathematics." Mr. Yeats apparently suspects of incapacity those who refuse to imitate and represent nature, and he tells an amusing anecdote of Mr. Jack B. Yeats, who wept bitterly, as a child, when he found that his aunt could not draw a horse. "They can tell you everything about a horse, only they *cannot draw it*," he concludes, italicizing his impatience of the recalcitrant moderns, who have "every kind of technical perfection except that of imitation."

Mr. J. B. Yeats, however, is more than an artist of an older generation irritated by the audacities of innovators. He is the authentic type of those conversationalists whose pleasure in the art of talking has earned for Dublin a reputation half scandalous and half complimentary. The conversational resources of a section of Irish society have now become so legendary that no newspaper correspondent omits to include either a jeering or encouraging allusion thereto in his account of us. Yet, when Mr. Yeats was painting portraits here and pouring out an endless stream of brilliant talk for the entertainment of his sitters and visitors, the world of the intellectuals was uncharted. Mr. George Moore had not yet completed his Boswell task, and opened the way for other chroniclers. Since then there has been no betrayal of the tradition, but some of the talkers have moved. If Mr. Yeats had not gone to New York we might never have known that he was also a real letter-writer, that he could transfer to paper what might have seemed to depend upon the direct contact of an audience. There are now two volumes which testify to the all-consuming need for conversation, and to the quality of that conversation, with which the Irish intelligentsia have been credited. These letters were not written for publication, they are the letters of a father to his son, a father who has successfully defied the Scriptural limitation of man's allotted span. Yet they repay publication to a degree surpassed by no other contemporary collection of letters, they transcend their immediate purpose, and they exhale a youthful vigour and freshness which will make the writer's age incredible to those who do not know him.

It is not possible in these brief notes to give more than a general recommendation to a book like these Letters. They are the occasional writings of a man who has discovered the art of living to be vastly more interesting than the mere mechanism of how to live and make a living. One of the last themes upon which I heard him speak, in the richly contrasted setting of a prosperous New York club, was the sacred duty of idleness, and the same thought is present in one of these letters. "By poor gentlemen," he writes, "I mean all who, however employed, have an idleness which they value as their chief good." And again, in another place, "an idleness which is at the same time a complete diligence is his privilege, his inalienable privilege dearer to him than life." Mr. J. B. Yeats would, I fancy, accept quite proudly the title of "poor gentleman" as best describing himself. These letters have all the charm of that ideal, of a nature uncorrupted by constraint, of a mind cultivated to a ripe appreciation of leisure and all that the possession of leisure can mean to the true artist. The two collections of Letters are essentially books into which the reader can dip in the certainty of alighting on a suggestive idea. As Mr. Pound said when first introducing them: "In the letters themselves there is only the air of leisure. The thoughts drift up as easily as a cloud in the heavens, and as clear-cut as clouds on bright days."

B

THE first exhibition of the British Institute of Industrial Art will be opened on May 31 at 217, Knightsbridge. The exhibition will comprise, in the Trade Section, Textiles, Wallpapers, Furniture, Pottery, Glass and Metalwork; and in the Craft Section, Building and other crafts.

THE BODLEIAN DURING 1919.

WE have received a copy of the report of the Bodleian Library for 1919. One item in it will arouse a smile in the profane and a tinge of sentimental regret in those who knew the charm of Bodley: during the year a typewriter (the first to be employed in the Library) was purchased.

The number of new readers admitted reached the surprising total of 1,424, as against 424 in 1918. The accessions showed a marked increase on those of 1918, but were still far below those received in 1916. Among the MS. donations we may note classical lecture-notes and collations by Professor Bywater, and Mark Pattison's note-books on Scaliger, Salmassius, Casaubon, etc. (from the executors of Professor Cook Wilson); and the printer's copy of Samuel Butler's "Luck or Cunning," typed and written by the author (from Mr. Festing Jones); among the donations of printed books, various volumes of Erasmus (from Mr. P. S. Allen), Mr. T. J. Wise's privately printed bibliography of Swinburne and twelve of his privately printed pamphlets, and Mr. Festing Jones' privately printed "Diary of a Journey through North Italy to Sicily." A bronze bust of the late Robinson Ellis was presented, and placed in the Picture Gallery. The most notable MS. purchase was that of a seventeenth-century collection of prophecies collected by Elias Ashmole and annotated by him, and subsequently owned by Thomas Hearne; and among the printed books the only known copy of "Jacob's Vow. A Sermon preached before His Majesty, and the Prince His Highness, at St. Maries in Oxford. . . By Thomas Fuller, B.D.," Oxf., 1644, sm. 4to.

There is a debit balance of over £600 on the general fund; the expenditure on purchases, where a great increase is desirable, has had to be severely restricted, and a large reduction has had to be made in necessary binding.

BOOK SALE

ON Monday, March 15, and the two following days, Messrs. Sotheby sold books selected from the library at Wilton House, Salisbury, the property of the Earl of Pembroke. The chief prices were: Articles of the Free Society of Traders in Pennsylvania, 1682, £94. Present State of New England, 1675, £80. Rev. John Eliot's Indian Bible, 1685, £265. Booke of Christian Prayers, 1578, £60. W. Bourne, The Treasure for Travellers, 1578, £150. Charles I., Commission for the Well-governing of Newfoundland, 1633, £102. Sir E. Dyer, The Prayse of Nothing, 1585, £300. R. Eburne, Plaine Pathway to Plantations, 1624, £450. Rev. Henry Whitefield, The Light appearing more and more towards the Perfect Day, 1651, £51. Erasmus, Enchiridion Militis Christiani, 1534, £71. Capt. Luke Fox, North-West Fox, 1635, £117. Stephen Gosson, The Schoole of Abuse, 1579, £490. W. Grindal, A Jewell for Gentrie, 1614, £110. T. Heywood, An Apologie for Actors, 1612, and J. Greene, Refutation of the Apologie for Actors, 1615, £210. John Knox, Copie of a letter delivered to the ladie Marie, 1558, and two others, £270. J. C. Le Blon, Coloritto, n.d., £106. Marguerite of Navarre, Godly Dedication of the Christen Sowle, n.d., £105. The fyftene Joyes of Maryage, 1509, £285. Orders and Articles granted by the States General concerning a West India Companie, 1621, £130. W. Penn, The Frame of the Government of Pennsylvania, 1682, £104. G. Puttenham, Arte of English Poesie, 1589, £220. Sir P. Sidney, An Apologie for Poetry, 1595, £500. George Silver, Paradoxes of Defence, 1599, £100. Capt. John Smith, Advertisements for the unexperienced Planters of New England, 1631, £120. Ade Solis, History of the Conquest of Mexico, 1724, £124. Capt. J. Underhill, Newes from America, 1638, £495. P. Vincent, A True Relation of the late Battell fought in New England, 1637, £660. W. Wood, New England's Prospect, 1635, £128. A collection of ten grammatical works printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1503-33, £155.

The total of the sale was £11,452.

THE following are among the lecture arrangements at the Royal Institution after Easter: Professor Arthur Keith, four lectures on British Ethnology: the Invaders of England. Mr. R. Campbell Thompson, two lectures: (1) The Origins of the Dwellers in Mesopotamia; (2) The Legends of the Babylonians. Mr. A. P. Graves, two lectures on Welsh and Irish Folk Songs (with musical illustrations). Mr. Frederick Chamberlin, two lectures on the Private Character of Queen Elizabeth. Professor Frederic Harrison, two lectures: (1) A Philosophical Synthesis as proposed by Auguste Comte; (2) The Reaction and the Critics of the Positivist School of Thought. Professor J. H. Jeans, two lectures on Recent Revolutions in Physical Science: (1) Theory of Relativity; (2) Theory of Quanta (Tyndall Lectures).

Science

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE

THOSE who are interested in current "serious" literature, and more particularly that branch of it which deals in a speculative way with those vague but impressive problems which have always haunted men, the existence of God, the "meaning" of the Universe and so on, cannot have failed to notice the unaccustomed prestige now enjoyed by science. The supposed contributions of science to these discussions are now listened to with a gravity and politeness, with a kind of serious hush, which was formerly reserved for quotations from Plato and Aristotle. Compared with the crude materialists of Huxley's day, it is evident that the modern man of science has greatly improved his social standing; he now frequently talks to the best people, on equal terms, on such subjects as the Good and the Beautiful. The underbred, pushing, clamorous self-assertion of the Victorian scientist is a rare note in these improving conversations between philosophers and men of science. A man like Haeckel is dismissed as a mere vulgarian; no one would trouble to refute him; his loud voice and hob-nailed boots are sufficient condemnation. Even Huxley is felt to be a rather noisy person; the modern expositor of the relations of Science and Religion or Science and Philosophy no longer borrows his technique from the Hyde Park orator; he has adopted rather the insinuating charm of the curate. There are, of course, survivals on both sides; sweetness and light are not yet universal; the general atmosphere of mutual forbearance and respect is still occasionally marred by the harsh note of some exceptionally fanatic or insensitive partisan. One or two grave lapses of this kind may be detected amongst the mass of recent books devoted to cosmical questions. There are still one or two literary men and philosophers who hint at those dreadful early days of science, before it went to Oxford, and there are still one or two provincial men of science, *farouche*, suspicious, who attend a modern cultured salon carrying their obsolete life-preserver in their pocket. But on the whole good manners prevail everywhere. It is realized that there is no reason why anybody should feel awkward at meeting anybody else in a world which is so indulgent of the difference between a man's private and public capacities.

To be on amiable terms with everybody is worth a sacrifice, and in our relief at escaping from the ferocious savagery of the Victorian controversialists we may well endure the minor discomforts of a reconciliation between science, philosophy and religion so effective as to render indistinguishable the separate persons of this trinity. The particular advantage of this amalgamation that concerns us here is the fact that it has brought a new branch of literature into existence. As is usual in an amalgamation, each member profits by the custom brought by the others, until finally a composite article is evolved which is, as it were, simultaneously buff and blue. That is how we get these very curious and interesting modern works on cosmical questions—works which seem to result from a close collaboration between, say, a professor of physics, an archdeacon and a Bond Street crystal-gazer. A very comprehensive *Weltanschauung* is thereby afforded, and doubtless a truly "balanced" mind must result from the perusal of such works, but we may doubt whether each component, as it were, is presented in its purity. The advantages of association are only obtained by a certain loss of individuality. We cannot speak for the philosophy and religion of these works, but we are impelled to these reflections by detecting a certain quality which pervades the scientific part of the expositions. It is,

as we have admitted, a good thing for science that it has been taken up in this way. It moves in an atmosphere of culture; it finds itself being described in chapters headed with Greek quotations; it is complimented on its strong vein of poetry; its peculiarities are explained, inaccurately but sympathetically, in columns of literary causerie, and the unexpected but gratifying discovery is made that it by no means lacks the bump of reverence and proper respect for constituted authority.

Yet, kindly as are the surrounding faces, and pleasant as is the consciousness that one's clothes and accent excite no comment, there is, on the part of many scientific men, a persistent uneasy feeling that one has gained this position on false pretences. It is these remarkable modern books to which we have referred which render the feeling acute. At the same time, it is very difficult to state precisely the elements of this feeling. We understand, however, that there are young poets and novelists who experience very much the same emotion when one of the great "official" men of letters talks about literature. It appears that such people often get everything subtly wrong, that their criticism never pierces to the real heart of the matter, that they make literature at once more pompous and more tame than it really is. These new cultured expositors of science affect one very much like that. Their indisputable intelligence and their wide knowledge do not save them; they lack something—it may be a mere familiar way of talking—which marks the practitioner; we feel they touch their subject with padded fingers. We attribute no occult influence to laboratories, but we think the expositor of science who is not also a creator is something like that curiously unconvincing creature—the theoretical sailor who has never been to sea. For that reason we are uneasy in the presence of these numerous modern expositions. Such work of the kind as was done in the old days was done by real men of science in their spare time. They had the competence, if also something of the crudity, of the workman in the factory who explains to you how his machine works. The modern writers are so much more like those frock-coated "attendants" at Exhibitions. One is oppressed with the same suavity, the same incredible readiness, the same secret doubt whether he has ever handled a tool in his life . . .

Such being our estimate of our modern teachers, we may be permitted to be sceptical concerning the complete satisfactoriness of their account of the present disposition and relations of science. When they vouch for the complete respectability and harmlessness of science we wonder if they are not a little too kind. We have an absurd nervousness, as in the presence of a reformed burglar. He looks well-dressed enough and his hands are not impossibly horny; moreover, we are told that the two very respectable gentlemen with him find him a most charming companion. We are prejudiced, we suppose; but to our thinking there is a coarseness about the jaw, an occasional hard glint in the eye, which would make us reluctant to accept him as, at any rate, a sleeping companion. We wonder if those two gentlemen, the one reverend and the other nearly so, ever feel a little apprehensive during the night? S.

DR. A. L. BOWLEY, the author of the much discussed "Division of the Product of Industry: an Analysis of the National Income before the War," published 1919, and now in its fourth impression, has pursued his researches in the same field; and the Oxford University Press will publish immediately his "Change in the Distribution of the National Income, 1880—1913." It is still not possible to analyse the distribution for the years since the outbreak of war; but Dr. Bowley here carries the analysis back for a generation, and the results are of the first importance.

SOCIETIES

ARISTOTELIAN.—March 22.—Professor H. Wildon Carr in the chair.

Mr. Clement C. J. Webb read a paper on "Obligation, Autonomy and the Common Good." He contended that the notion of obligation, in which Kant rightly found the essential feature of our moral consciousness, cannot be directly derived (as Green seems to suppose) from the notion of a "common good"; that on the contrary the notion of a "common good," as also the closely connected notion of a "general will," derives its significance for ethics, and eventually for politics also, from its connection with the notion of obligation; and that this makes it necessary for any truly ethical conception of the State to retain the idea of "authority," as ascertained indeed through the general will, because only thus can it be recognized as authority, viz., the community for itself; not, however, as in itself merely the result of the general will, but as the expression of an absolute factor therein, which perhaps may be best described as the sovereignty of God. To the thought expressed in Kant's choice of the word "autonomy" to express the status of the good will may be traced along one line of descent the anti-authoritarian tendency in contemporary ethics and politics.

LINNEAN.—March 18.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

Mr. E. Heron-Allen, Professor Vernon H. Blackman, and Dr. James Davidson were admitted Fellows.—The following were elected Fellows: Jacques de Vilmorin, Arthur Lionel Goodday, Geoffrey D. H. Carpenter, and A. Stanley Hirst.

The proposed alterations in chap. II, sections 2 and 6, of the rules relating to subscriptions were carried.

Professor James Small gave a lantern demonstration of "The Chemical Reversal of Geotropic Response in Roots and Stems." Professor Weiss, Capt. A. W. Hill, Professor V. H. Blackman, and Professor E. S. Goodrich took part in the discussion which followed.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—March 18.—Professor C. Oman, President, in the chair.

Mr. Ernest H. Wheeler was elected a Fellow.

The President exhibited seven tetradrachms of Antiochus the Great, illustrating his portrait at different periods of the reign and at different mints.—Mr. Walters showed an unpublished second brass of L. Verus (*rev.* Salus) without S.C., and a small medallion of M. Aurelius (*rev.* Fortuna).

Mr. L. A. Lawrence read a further note on the Amphill find of early Henry II. pennies, in which he gave readings of many coins not previously deciphered. Most of the mints were represented in the hoard, and among the rarer coins was one of a new Canterbury moneyer named RAULF.

Mr. G. F. Hill gave an account of his investigation of a story that a specimen of the gold mancus of Offa had been found near Orwell, in Cambridgeshire, forty years ago. If the coin was really a specimen of the Arab dinar copied by Offa, he had been unable to trace it, but was able to show that it was not the specimen now in the British Museum. The latter could now be definitely stated to be the specimen acquired in Rome by the Duc de Blacas, and had been for some sixty years in the possession of the Longperier family, from whom it was acquired in 1906 and again brought to light by a Paris firm.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—March 25.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

Mr. C. L. Kingsford read a paper on "Paris Garden and the Bear-baiting." It has commonly been alleged that Paris Garden took name from Robert Paris, who in the reign of Richard II. had a garden, on which the butchers of London built a place where their offal might be cut up for the bears. But the writ on which this story was based contains no mention of a garden or of bears, and it is obvious that the site referred to was on the opposite side of the river, probably in Queenhithe Ward, of which Robert Paris was a common councillor. The site of Paris Garden anciently belonged to the Templars, and then to the Knights of St. John under a lease from Bermondsey Abbey. In 1535 it was assured to Henry VIII. by Act of Parliament, but neither then nor in subsequent grants is there anything to suggest that bear-baiting was practised there. Paris Garden Stairs formed the most convenient landing-place for the bear-rings, and this probably led to the common reference to the bear-baiting at Paris Garden. We certainly get such references long after the time when it is known that the bear-baiting was held further east. Amongst the Alleyn manuscripts at Dulwich College there is a list of his "writings of the Bear Garden." But none of the deeds are now preserved there. Recently five of them have been discovered at the Record Office, to which they probably came as an exhibit in Alleyn's lawsuit with William Henslow in 1620. From the deeds and from the interrogatories and depositions in this lawsuit it is possible to restore much of the early history of the Bear Garden before 1594. One William Payne was lessee of the Bear Garden before 1574 and erected standings or scaffolds for the spectators. Payne was succeeded by one Wiston, who was followed, perhaps with an

interval, by Morgan Pope in 1585. Pope appears to have transferred his lease to one Hayes, from whom it was acquired by Thomas Burnaby, the person who sold it to Alleyn in 1594. Burnaby had sublet in 1590 to Richard Reve, and annexed to his lease is a list of the bulls and bears together with the pony and ape. This list is, with the exception of one given by Taylor the Water-poet fifty years later, the only complete list which we possess. In the list appears a bear called "Harry of Tame," which is also mentioned by Nash in 1593. The deeds and interrogatories make it clear that the bulls and bears were kept at the Bear Garden and not at Paris Garden as early as the time of William Payne. Payne used to bait the bears at the place subsequently known as the Old Bead Garden. John Taylor, one of the witnesses in 1620 (who has been wrongly identified with the Water-poet), remembered two earlier places at which they were baited, one near Mason Stairs and the other at the corner of Maiden Lane. One of these is referred to in 1578 as the Old Bear Garden. At the Record Office there are a number of deeds relating to the early history of the site of the original bear gardens. That this site was part of Alleyn's property is shown by his endorsements on many of the deeds. When the actual bear-garden was moved further east, the lessees probably found it convenient to retain the original site for purposes connected with their business.

ZOOLOGICAL.—March 16.—Professor E. W. MacBride, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. R. I. Pocock read a report on the additions to the menagerie during February.—Mr. E. G. Boulenger exhibited and made remarks on a frog with a duplicate foot.—Professor J. P. Hill exhibited and made remarks on an embryo obtained from a kangaroo recently living in the menagerie.

Mr. Pocock read a paper, illustrated by lantern-slides, on the external characters of the South American monkeys, and showed the variations in the range of structure of the ears, nose, hands, and feet and external genitalia.

Dr. C. F. Sonntag communicated his paper on "The Comparative Anatomy of the Tongues of the Mammalia," and described the different divisions of the tongue and the physical characters of each. He demonstrated by diagrams and lantern-slides the different forms which the papillae and openings of Wharton's ducts can assume among the mammalia, and exhibited specimens illustrating the shapes and colours of the tongue, and arrangements for cleaning the teeth.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 9. Philological, 5.30.—Dictionary Evening, Professor W. A. Craigie.
Malacological, 6.
Mon. 12. Royal Geographical, 5.—"A Brief Review of the Evidence upon which the Theory of Isostasy is Based," Col. Sir Sidney Burrard.
Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting.
Aristotelian, 8.—Symposium on "Is the 'Concrete Universal' the True Type of Universality?"
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Aluminium and its Alloys," Lecture I., Dr. W. Rosenhain. (Cantor Lecture.)
Tues. 13. Royal Institution, 3.—"Recent Advances in X-Ray Work," Lecture I., Major G. W. C. Kaye.
Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—"Richborough Military Transportation Depot," Lieut-Col. J. Kerr Robertson; "The War Department Cross-Channel Train-Ferry," Major F. O. Stanford.
Zoological, 5.30.—"An Apodous *Amia calva*," Mr. A. Willey; "A Revision of the Nematode Family *Gnathostomidae*," Mr. H. A. Baylis and Dr. Clayton Lane; "The Onychophora of Western Australia," Dr. W. J. Dakin; "The Life-history and Habits of Two Parasites of the Blowfly," Mr. A. M. Altson.
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Western Australian Aborigines: their Treatment and Care," Mr. A. O. Neville.
Wed. 14. Society of Arts, 4.30.—"The Fundamental Basis of Good Printing," Mr. Joseph Thorp.
Thurs. 15. Royal Institution, 3.—"Ebullition and Evaporation," Mr. Sydney Skinner.
Society of Arts (Indian Section), 4.30.—"The Port of India: their Administration and Development," Sir George Buchanan.
Linnean, 5.—"Natural History Exploration on the North-East Frontier of Burma," Capt. F. Kingdon Ward.
Child-Study (90, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.), 6.—"Spelling Reform," Professor W. Ripman.
Royal Numismatic, 6.—"The Coinage of Nero," Rev. E. A. Sydenham.
Fri. 16. Royal Institution, 9.—"Ions and Nuclei" Dr. J. A. McClelland.

Fine Arts

HOW TO CATALOGUE GEMS

THE LEWES HOUSE COLLECTION OF ANCIENT GEMS. By J. D. Beazley. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 38s. net.)

GEMS enjoy an unfair advantage over most other small works of art, the effect of which depends almost entirely on the skill of the artist in giving form to his raw material. The gem first attracts us by the beauty of its colour, an accident which has nothing to do with the art of the engraver. It is true that in the cameo he can take advantage of the distribution of colour, but for the present let us confine our remarks to intaglios. It is not too much to say that their colour is a hindrance to a proper appreciation of their artistic value. That can best be gauged in the impression, which has the advantage of showing the design in relief. Possibly the most skillful gem-engravers, like the finest engravers of coin-dies, are able to think in reverse; but even they are obliged to test their work, as it proceeds, by taking impressions to show the relief; and most of them, if we may judge by the practice of coin-engravers from the Renaissance onwards, must have made relief-models to work by. The critic who is going to keep his head before a cabinet of gems needs to discount the element of colour, though he would be unduly pedantic who would condemn the art as bastard because the alliance of the two elements that make up the effect has no artistic sanction. "Art is a loving friend of chance, and chance of art." The cameo is in a different category from the intaglio. So far as it depends on the use of layers of differently coloured stone, it is not to be taken seriously as a work of art. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of an excellent rule, that the artist should never forget the stuff he is working in. Here the material takes command, and compels him to arrange his contours, his planes and his gradations, even to extend or curtail elements in his design, in accordance with the distribution of the colours of the stone. No wonder that this kind of gem was especially popular with the Romans. The big cameos, whether Roman or Renaissance, are the most perfect examples of vulgarity and pretentiousness in art.

The Lewes House Collection, however, out of a total of 135 numbers, contains only half-a-dozen cameos. It has been formed with singular judgment and taste. The proportion of Etruscan—less than a score of pieces—is also small. The finest Etruscan work in gems, as in bronze, has its merits; but the mass of it is merely derivative and uninspired. Taken as a whole, there has probably never been another collection of gems containing, for its size, so few pieces of mediocre execution or doubtful authenticity. If Mr. Warren has been wise in his selection of specimens, he is no less to be congratulated on his choice of a cataloguer. Mr. Beazley's published works on vases have told us what to expect of him: an unerring eye for minute detail; an archaeological memory that nothing escapes; good taste, displayed not in laudatory epithets (we fancy the word "beautiful" is not to be found in his pages), but in discrimination of style; a wealth of happy illustration from other arts; and a proneness to Morello-Furtwänglerian methods of attribution. The last characteristic appears in this book in a somewhat chastened form; or is it that, the subject being new, Mr. Beazley is feeling his way? As it is, his attribution of the scaraboid with an archer to Epimenides is difficult to accept; it seems not to show that engraver's finish or just subordination of anatomical details to the general surface. But perhaps we are rash in judging from the illustrations, excellent though they are.

Dexamenos, of course, has to have a list of attributions tacked on to the famous portrait which used to be called

Demosthenes, and which Sir Arthur Evans thinks represents Cimon. But Mr. Beazley adds only one to Furtwängler's list, while subtracting others. He is careful, as usual, to say nothing of his opinion of this gem as a work of art. But it would be interesting to know how many impartial judges, admitting all its mastery of technique, and discounting the smugness which may be presumed to have been inherent in the subject, would find anything to admire in this portrait. A really great artist succeeds in imparting dignity and interest (whether of attraction or of repulsion) to his subject; in this gem the precision of handling and the stress laid on detail (as in the staring stupid eye) serve only to bring out the paltriness of the sitter. Some early critics—in the days when it was held that the Greeks could do no wrong—were so gravely disconcerted by these characteristics that they condemned the gem as false. It is only an excellent example of the fatal facility of the virtuoso. That even in the fifth century—though not quite so early as some would date this gem—the Greeks could go astray like this is known to every student of coins.

A splendid work, on the other hand, is the Hellenistic portrait of an Oriental in a fez. It has that touch of melancholy which the highly civilized Greek artist seizes in the expression of the semi-barbarian, a melancholy akin to that which is so often seen or fancied in the eyes of an intelligent animal. It recalls in this and other respects the amazing portraits of Pontic or Bithynian rulers round about 200 B.C., Mithradates II. or Pharnakes I. or Prusias I., as seen on their coins.

This last word reminds us of the fact that, although Mr. Beazley may not have gone through a long training in numismatics, his book is the first, not even excepting Furtwängler's, in which a student of gems has made a really critical use of coins. He might perhaps have remembered the early coins of Sidon in describing the fine Persian cylinder with the Great King going a-hunting; and perhaps he has exaggerated the connection between his griffin scaraboid and the coins of Abdera; Abdera's mother-city, Teos, might have something to say on the question, which we cannot argue here. But, on the whole, numismatists will have nothing but praise for Mr. Beazley's handling of the evidence of coins. It was time that this evidence was duly weighed, since coins, which can be accurately dated, afford the only positive criteria for the dating of gems, and, as the nearest analogue in technique, are the best guide in questions of authenticity. The final requisite—negative but necessary—for the ideal work on ancient gems would be attained if Mr. Beazley would publish a careful study of the work of Renaissance engravers. Not until the mass of Renaissance and eighteenth-century imitations has been separated will the foundations of criticism of the antique be secure.

Of course this is a catalogue, not a general treatise, and the author keeps severely to his lines. But it is less unreadable than most catalogues. Mr. Beazley is austere; but he can upon occasion show compassion:

A poor old donkey. His body is emaciated (with ribs, shoulder-blade, hips and vertebrae protruding); except his belly, which is inflated, with swollen veins. The mane straggling and perhaps mangy: a sore on the neck. A study of decrepitude difficult to parallel among Greek representations of animals.

Or imagination:

The child Eros seated on the ground playing with a goose, which lifts its wings. Below, a pair of knucklebones, with which he was playing until the goose came to look.

But he does not often let himself go like this.

The book (barring a few Greek accents which have got lost) does great credit to the Oxford Press; the plates are admirable. We wish the portraits of the author trying on an Oriental headdress had been better likenesses.

G. F. H.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

As a general rule it is easier to appreciate an artist's powers in a "one-man show" than in a large mixed exhibition. But occasionally, in an exhibition where the standards are low or perverted, a man's work gains by contrast with its surroundings. Mr. A. R. Smith's water-colour, for example, labelled "Noontide," which would have appeared relatively unimportant at the recent collection of his drawings arranged by the Fine Art Society, looks exceedingly distinguished at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. The reason is not far to seek. At Bond Street we admired Mr. Smith's ability to suggest form bathed in light and air, and we took for granted his evident respect for the water-colour medium. In the Pall Mall gallery this fundamental quality appears in itself a merit, because the vast majority of the exhibitors flagrantly neglect the medium. Nine-tenths of the artists here seem intent on emulating the effects of oil painting, and in many cases they accentuate the misdirection of their efforts by placing heavy gold frames close up to the drawings. The exhibitors who show the slightest signs of a genuine respect for water-colour can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and of these Mr. Russell Flint has an intolerably trite vision, and Mr. Moffat Lindsay suffers from a fatal reluctance to make a precise and positive statement.

Mr. W. B. E. Ranken is conspicuous at the exhibition of the Royal Institute for much the same reason that Mr. Smith is conspicuous in Pall Mall. For the Royal Institute is stricken with a more aggravated and aggravating form of the malady which rages at the Royal Society. The difference in degree is seen in the lower types of oil painting selected by the Institute artists for emulation. Mr. Ranken scores because he exploits his medium in a legitimate manner. His drawings of the interior of Moor Park are flamboyant, it is true, but they are flamboyant in a good sense—in the sense that Tiepolo was flamboyant, and a baroque church is flamboyant; much of their exuberance is inherent in the sumptuous nature of the subject, and in the case of these drawings the heavy gold frames appear (as a kind of exception which proves the rule) quite congruous and inevitable. Mr. Ranken's art has no relation to the art of Mr. Smith, but the two men have this in common: when they speak a given language they are ready to make an effort to master its pronunciation, and they are content to abide by its grammar and syntax. Water-colour drawing is after all no more an art in itself than the French language is an art. It is merely a language which can be spoken well or badly, and can be made to express great things or little things, according to the quality of the brain, nerves and spirit which direct it; and, like any other language, it must be mastered and its special character realized before it can be made capable of expressing anything at all.

We speak of water-colour drawing because it should be primarily drawing, that is a statement of form. All artists of consequence who use the medium recognize this. They never use colour for the purpose of contributing to the realistic impression of the drawing. They get their effects entirely by line and tone, and they never impose colour over a line-and-tone foundation, or make it do the work of tone, unless they have previously reduced their palette to a conventional gamut, consisting at most of one or two warm tints and one or two cold ones. They tend to use colour in quite an arbitrary manner, reserving it to relieve monotony or severity, to secure added elegance or charm, or to induce by itself a special emotion. They never forget that their business is to make certain significant lines and washes on a sheet of paper, and not to disguise a sheet of paper, as a scene, or a face, or an Academy landscape in oils; they learn the language before they attempt to speak it, and then reserve it as part of their equipment until occasion calls for its use. The majority of the artists at the Royal Society and the Royal Institute either do not realize that water-colour drawing is one of the most conventional and exacting of mediums, or else deliberately shirk the effort required to master it. They appear to imagine that its claims will be forgotten if they ignore its existence. But the medium will persist in spite of their efforts to destroy it, because there will always be eminent artists who will delight in it just because it is difficult and austere.

R. H. W.

Music

SUNRISE ON THE GANGES

ALMOST every young lady who gives a song recital seems to regard it as a duty to begin with an aria of Scarlatti. Sometimes it is "O cessate di piagarmi," sometimes "Già il sole dal Gange," occasionally both. It is very seldom that these ladies give evidence of having any particular understanding and appreciation of old Italian songs. If they had, they would vary their selection a little more. As it is, there is a repertory of about half-a-dozen by Scarlatti and others from which the choice is made. They would also take trouble to see that the accompaniments to their old Italian songs were properly written out. There may be a few editions in which the original figured basses have been treated in a scholarly and artistic style, but most singers appear to depend on editors who had no understanding whatever of the music of past centuries. The worst sufferer of all has been "O cessate di piagarmi," which has only too often caused me to apply the words silently to the singer and the accompanist. It would be too much to expect that the singers should know where these arias came from, and their teachers are no doubt in equally blissful ignorance. One charming lady to whom I had to listen recently sang "Già il sole" with a ferocious energy and a tone of righteous indignation in her voice which seemed to imply that the unfortunate dwellers on the Ganges, so far from having any right to regard that river as their own, had never even known a sunrise to see it by until that daily blessing had been vouchsafed to them by the establishment of British rule in India. And the gentleman at the pianoforte attacked the introduction with the manly vigour of one who hustles a detachment of machine-guns off to a punitive expedition.

The charming lady had probably never given a thought to the significance or origin of the song. The accompanist probably thought that it looked rather like Handel, and that all Handel was meant to be played with the exuberant athleticism of the monster Polypheme. As a matter of fact, "Già il sole" comes from the third act of "L'Honestà negli Amori," one of Scarlatti's very earliest operas. It was composed in 1680, when he was twenty-four. The song is sung by Saldino, a lively little page, whose character somewhat anticipates the Cherubino of Mozart, and its general atmosphere is one of grace and charm.

Nearly all the favourite songs of Scarlatti which appear in recital programmes come from his quite early operas—"O cessate" ("Pompeo," 1683), "Le violette" ("Pirro e Demetrio," 1694) and "Non dar più pene" ("La Rosaura," 1690). Few singers seem to know the music of his mature period, either for the stage or for the chamber, and they take equally little interest in the more developed vocal music of those earlier Italians on whom Scarlatti formed his style. What really happens is that a certain amount of old Italian music is supposed to be part of every singer's necessary equipment, and the singing-teachers, knowing themselves not more than those one or two songs, teach them to all their pupils in turn. Pupils learn them in much the same way as they learn their elementary Latin authors, or the conventional selections from them, at school; and they very seldom pay any further attention to them after they have got started on their own way. They sing their Scarlatti aria at the beginning of their recital as part of the convention of concert-giving. The first time that I ever met with that old favourite "Star vicino" (ascribed to Salvatore Rosa) it was sung by a lady, an amateur, who, having been trained in "bel canto," had preserved her voice into late middle age. It had been a very popular song in the

drawing-rooms of her youth. It was considered a very good song to open with, she said; you tried the acoustics of the room with it, and made sure of your voice and your audience before going on to "Non più mesta" or "The Lost Chord." But the ladies who try the acoustics of the Æolian Hall with "Già il sole dal Gange" put their own voice and their own intelligence to the test as well. Only rarely do they come through the trial with success. For Scarlatti is a stiff examination in voice-production, in phrasing, in interpretation, in rhythm, in general musicianship, and also in the pronunciation of Italian. It is easy enough to cover up indifferent production in a good many modern songs by distracting the attention of the audience in the direction of literary expression. The same thing happens when singers attempt the English contemporaries of Scarlatti. The English music of that period requires just as much finish and elegance of style; but the hand of the English arranger is often a heavy one, and a modernized accompaniment invites an emotional method of singing. The English words are a still more dangerous pitfall, for they inevitably tempt the singer into a distressingly arch delivery of their curious phraseology.

If Purcell, Blow, Greene, and the rest were treated with the respect that is paid to the old Italians, even such very moderately intelligent respect as is paid to "Già il sole," they might form a classical foundation of pure English singing. But it is at the same time highly desirable that singers should continue to make a careful study of the old Italian classics. It is obvious to anybody that they demand first and foremost a perfection of voice production and breath control. What is less obvious is that they demand clearness and precision in diction. Most singers nowadays make a point of singing French and Italian as well as English. In almost all cases their diction is much clearer in French than in either Italian or English, even when English is their native language. One reason for this is doubtless the fact that modern French songs are composed with a view to clear enunciation. It is only a really great French singer, such as Mme. Balthi, who can show her audience the vocal melody that underlies such songs as the "Chansons de Bilitis," which, to the ordinary English reader, appear to be little more than recitations. Hence the temptation of French songs for the singer who has not yet achieved complete vocal control. Old Italian songs treat their words in a different way. The words themselves are almost music. They are extremely formal, sometimes almost nonsensically formal, from a literary point of view, and designed deliberately to be repeated and inverted in the course of the song. The words are thus inseparable from the musical phrasing of the song. They must be spoken in such a way that their clear and distinct enunciation does not break and destroy the musical phrase, but actually helps to give it plasticity and suppleness. Herein Italian has a great advantage over English. It is only accomplished poets such as Dryden who could have treated English in this way, whereas in Italian the structure of the language places the technique within the grasp of any theatrical poetaster. For this reason songs of the old Italian school are valuable training to an English singer, because they teach him to regard a song as a piece of music to be understood and phrased with the same conscious beauty of line that is required of a violinist who plays an adagio of Corelli or Handel. When a singer has to deal with English words he is tempted by the nature of the English language to think too much of the single word and too little of the phrase as a whole. It is for this reason that the singer who conscientiously tries to speak his English clearly and expressively is invariably tempted to let his enunciation destroy the musical phrase. Only after he has carefully studied the old Italian can he learn to grasp the significance

of a musical phrase as a thing beautiful in itself. It is in this sense that the old Italian songs represent the dawn on the Ganges, the original source of light which illuminates the whole of modern music.

EDWARD J. DENT.

BEECHAM OPERA: "THE MAGIC FLUTE"

IF you cannot adapt your means to your ends, there is a good deal to be said for adapting your ends to your means, and under certain conditions the Covent Garden version of "Die Zauberflöte" might be justified. If Sir Thomas Beecham had to deal with a company of star performers who had never seen one another before, but who could be trusted as singers to make the most of their respective parts, he might be wise in deciding to abstain from allegorical research and to present the opera simply as a series of beautiful arias, quintets and so forth, with plenty of comic relief, and appropriately sumptuous mounting. Such a presentation would in any case seem very old-fashioned, but one could accept it as being good of its kind. The trouble at Covent Garden is that the performance there is on these out-of-date lines without being strong enough to carry conviction. Most of the singing is reasonably good, but hardly any of it first rate. One does not expect it to be so; the outstanding feature of the Beecham company, generally speaking, is the absence of "stars" and the high general standard of intelligence and cohesion. In spite of periodical aberrations it does aim at working on repertory lines and not on Grand Opera Syndicate lines; it is precisely on that account, indeed, that its claims on our gratitude are so substantial. Why then, in this instance, adopt the style that of all others is most calculated to emphasize the limitations of the company and place its virtues at a discount?

This fundamental incoherence of conception is the more regrettable as some of the rôles are in capable hands; Mr. Frederic Austin does excellently as the Speaker, and Mr. Ranalow's Papageno is well-studied—light in touch and free from extravagance. Mr. Foster Richardson starts well as Sarastro, but in his big E major aria he forgets all about Pamina after the first few lines, and sings at the audience in the approved Grand Syndicate manner. As for Mr. d'Oisly (Tamino) and Miss Licette (Pamina), neither of them seems to have the remotest idea of who they are or what they are supposed to be doing; Tamino struts about quite aimlessly when he is not singing, and Pamina evidently thinks that the threadbare "business" of the *prima donna* is quite good enough for her; she even forgets herself so far as to ogle Papageno, and give him a little push. This part will have to be drastically revised if any sense is to be made of the opera. And Mr. Pitt might try to obtain a little more lightness and elegance of phrasing from his orchestra. At the same time, the priests might rid themselves of those neat black imperials. Possibly they were worn during the high-priesthood of Sarastro (dynasty uncertain), but as the effect of them seen in profile is that of a multitude of infinitely receding chins, it would be better not to insist upon this historic detail. The substitution of recitative for dialogue throughout the work is defensible, the "leit-motif" style of accompaniment a good deal less so. There is no need to bring Mozart up to date in this way.

R. O. M.

THE sixth and last meeting of the present session of the Musical Association will be held at 160, Wardour Street, on Tuesday, April 13, when Dr. H. Thomas will read a paper on "Musical Settings of Horace's Lyric Poems," with illustrations by the lecturer.

Drama

THE OBVIOUS

STAGE SOCIETY (LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH).—"From Morn to Midnight." By Georg Kaiser. Translated from the German by Ashley Dukes.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—"Uncle Ned." By Douglas Murray.

WE are not wholly subjugated by the translator's fiat, in the version published by Messrs. Hendersons (2s. net), that we should admire "Von Morgens bis Mitternachts" because it "will appear to be a link between the three-dimensional stage and the screen," and is "a portent therefore not to be despised." The cinema is sufficiently with us, and magniloquence regarding "dimensions" and expressionism does not conceal the fact that this play is very like the old Viennese sculpture of the allegorico-over-intended variety. Specific lines in sculpture, specific masses and planes, specific situations and phrases, cannot be made to mean more than they do. You do not intensify a representation of rage by presenting the protagonist in the act of biting a tenpenny nail. A contemporary has said that the mental life of the contemporary German is so loftily wrought into metaphor that the man in the street never knows whether he is a torpedo or a colossus.

Georg Kaiser has, undeniably, written a play with almost as much action as a cinema piece of the same duration would require, but he has not escaped the over-rhetorical modality of his time and race.

Ibsen was presumably as symbolic as a dramatist may well be, with this difference: Ibsen had an intellectual content; he was, and emphatically, in revolt against many things which had not caused revolt in his contemporaries. Kaiser's message would seem to be that "pleasure is vain—unless one has acquired a technique"; money is worthless, or in any case theft is a form of unwisdom. To convey this we are given a certain amount of brisk comedy plus a variant on the "Peer Gynt" tornado, plus an allegorical velodrome, plus continual flow of symbolic language, plus several sermons, finally ending in a dreary Salvation Army scene, much less interesting than any street-corner Salvation Army meeting, even when it borrows an exotic motif from "The Man who corrupted Hadleyburgh," plus one death, plus one threat of suicide by a despairing minor character, plus the chief protagonist's pistol shot.

The seven scenes almost demand an analysis *seriatim*. The first is good comedy, and in it Brember Wills is excellent. The second, as acted, was null; the third, nearly impossible; the fourth, a parody, in which Edith Evans, the wife, did a good three minutes' work. The fifth was allegorical, and thence the play declines to the seventh, which has no particular merits, yet in it, and, indeed, in all the scenes, there are chances for any amount of acting.

Given actors sufficiently capable, and presupposing adequate preparation, the play would hold through six scenes; but given this amount of talent and energy we should have energy enough and talent enough to produce a play with more important contents. Roughly, the play needs as much acting as, for example, "Peer Gynt," without having the importance of that Ibsen composition.

Its merit might lie, as its translator claims, in its economy of words, were it not for the multitude of rhetorical sermons, preached out like the printed directions between cinematographs. Really it entertains for six scenes because something is going on, and swiftly, for most of that period—with the notable exceptions of the rhapsody of the mother and son in the second scene, and that in the snow scene. The crudeness of the allegory and the generalizations of Kaiser's rhetoric place him, despite his cleverness and the modernity of the scenery, in very nearly the same

intellectual gamut with the Salvation Army, to which he takes, and fittingly, as a last resort for his climax.

If, however, Kaiser shouts worn texts through a megaphone, it is undeniably a better megaphone than Mr. Douglas Murray's. The cashier's glorious day with 60,000 marks from which he can derive no satisfaction offers vivid intellectual enlightenments in comparison with the humanitarian fortnight in which "Uncle Ned" converts his brother from avarice. The Uncle Ned sort of thing passed out of "Pippa" into "The Third Floor Back," and we believe that Mr. Pim is still in beneficent transit.

And doubtless avarice is an evil, and doubtless, also, a very crude and persistent sermonizing is a desiderium; for if churches no longer function, the stage may be the remaining implement for the reform of multi-millionaires who do not attend meetings of the Salvation Army. But "Uncle Ned" is hardly the thunderbolt for plutocratic St. Paul's. One would, on the whole, prefer to live with the curmudgeon Sir Robert Graham rather than with his saccharous younger brother, the ex-poet, and pseudonymous best-seller. The Christian virtues—and there are quite respectable virtues which can be called Christian—may be advocated without destroying a play. Flaubert has divided his great trilogy of Contes over a phrase in "St. Julien Hospitalier": "Et l'idée lui vient d'employer son existence au service des autres." One does not want, however, an image of Christ in violet-scented soap, which is, metaphorically, about what is offered us at the St. James's.

No human actor should be called upon to exercise such ineffable charm. I know . . . it is a custom of the time . . . it is almost a convention of the contemporary theatre. In every third play one attends there is some unfortunate actress or actor whose stage direction, entire and unqualified, is to "be charming," to be "absolutely and utterly charming," and, of course, it isn't done, it can't be done, it is not the mirror to nature. In real life no individual exercises this persistent and ubiquitous spell on *all* beholders, in *all* circumstances, for the uninterrupted course of a whole concatenation of circumstances. There are some people, not necessarily fiends, who do not fall into ecstasy before the head of Apollo; some against whom a pulpy and fatuous kindness or facile encomiums of the gillyflower lean their cushioned surfaces vainly.

Besides, that younger brother turned up years ago. He was, then, a slightly acrimonious critic instead of a pulpy poetaster; he preached his little sermon against avarice and grinding efficiency with a deal more pith and vigour, in a play whose name has escaped me.

Mr. Ayrton plays convincingly, and Mr. Anson makes an excellent old retainer, but neither part should be very difficult. The originality shown in "getting laughs" by the butler's mispronunciation of words and the flapper's falling through the doorway is not surprising, but who are we to quarrel with Harlequin's slap-stick? This play makes no demands on the intellect and many upon one's patience.

FRIVOLITY NOT UNPLEASING

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—"The Young Person in Pink." By G. E. Jennings.

THE first act of "The Young Person in Pink" is leisurely and gently amusing, and we can hardly demand from an untried dramatist such a *tour de force* as the opening thirty lines of Lope de Vega's precipitate "El Desprecio Agradecido." The play is not smothered in sentimental saccharine, even though this chemical appears from time to time. Lady Sarah commits a mild and tentative Pippa-ism in the second act, but it is tempered with reason. Some people like their plays with sugar, and some without; for the guidance of both groups plays

should be clearly advertised as being in one or other of the two categories: sugared and unsugared.

Sydney Fairbrother as Mrs. Badger has an excellent comic lead; both she and the other Belcher types are well if somewhat desultorily managed. The comedy is nowhere so crisp and clean-cut as in the better passages of "From Morn to Midnight," but it is without rhetorical pretension. Donald Calthrop makes love in a possible manner, and Ellis Jeffreys shows well in an "emotional scene" rather more serious than the general tone of the play requires.

"From Morn to Midnight" is ambitious; it is extremely effective in parts, and one is fairly sure of remembering passages of it—passages which emerge from the rubbish. Miss Jennings's play is unambitious, it is sufficiently filled with minor inventions to retain the attention of the audience; it does not infuriate one with stupidities. There is no cogency in its construction: Leonora's greeting of Lady T. as her "mother" is unnecessary, and probably an error on the part of the authoress. But with these reservations the play can be classed as pleasant amusement, a perfectly good way of spending the evening.

T. J. V.

Correspondence

KEATS'S HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—On the eve of the centenary of the death of Keats, the house near Hampstead Heath, in which he resided during the most active portion of his literary career, is about to be thrown into the property market as an "eligible building site," and a representative committee has been formed with the object of saving this great literary shrine from destruction, and of securing it for the benefit of the public in perpetuity.

The house, now called Lawn Bank (but originally known as Wentworth Place), situate in Keats Grove, Hampstead, is that to which the poet came in December, 1818, and which was his home during the remainder of his life in England. Within its walls, or under the shelter of the venerable trees which still grace its extensive old-world garden, much of his finest work was produced. At that period the premises formed two semi-detached cottages, the one built and occupied by Charles Wentworth Dilke, the other by Charles Brown. In December, 1818, after the death of his brother Tom, Keats went to live as a permanent inmate with Brown at Wentworth Place. Soon afterwards he became engaged to Fanny Brawne, whose mother had rented Brown's half of the double house while Brown and Keats were away on their Scotch tour, and later took Dilke's half when Dilke and his wife had left Hampstead to live in Westminster. By subsequent occupants the party wall separating the two houses was broken through, and the two houses were thrown into one. Other considerable alterations have from time to time been effected; but on the strength of detailed information furnished in 1885 by a then surviving brother of Charles Dilke, it seems possible to recognize and perhaps to restore the original form and structure of the premises.

An exclusive right to purchase the property has been established for a short period to afford an opportunity of procuring the necessary funds. It is estimated that for the acquisition of the freehold, for restoration and repairs, for adaptation as a Keats memorial house, and for permanent maintenance, a sum of not less than £10,000 will be required.

At the Hampstead Public Library is deposited the important Dilke collection of Keats relics, comprising holographs of poems by Keats, books with copious annotations in his handwriting, school books, his note-book as a medical student, letters written by or addressed to the poet, the lock of hair cut from his head after death by Severn, with casts, busts, and prints. The library also contains a large collection of Keats literature, and many etchings and other views of the Hampstead which the poet knew. It is confidently anticipated that these interesting relics will be available for the memorial house, and that valuable additions would be made thereto from time to time.

Of the birthplace of Keats no vestige remains. His first Hampstead home, in Well Walk, has long since disappeared, though the walk itself retains much of the charm which endeared it to Keats. The place of his death, in Rome, is piously preserved, but England has no corresponding memorial. If Lawn Bank is destroyed no similar memorial for him can be found in the land of his birth.

Such an irreparable loss would be deeply and permanently deplored, and believing that there will be a widespread desire to mark the forthcoming centenary in some suitable manner, we feel it our duty to draw attention to the risk in which the property is at present involved. We sincerely hope that the threatened fate may be averted, and that the premises, restored, endowed for maintenance, and equipped in honour of the poet, may be handed over to some public body in trust for the public for ever. The time allowed for decision is short, and we accordingly venture to urge the necessity for a prompt and generous response. Lists of the names of donors and subscribers will be preserved in the building in permanent form. Donations forwarded to the Hon. Treasurer of the Keats Memorial House Fund at the Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3, will be gratefully received.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

J. I. FRASER (Mayor of Hampstead), Chairman.

SIDNEY COLVIN, Hon. Treasurer.

W. E. DOUBLEDAY, Hon. Secretary.

Central Library, Hampstead, N.W.3.

March 30.

BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Bedford College, the largest and oldest University College for Women in England, is in need of money.

At the moment when there is an overwhelming demand by women for higher education and training, it must either refuse admission to highly suitable students and starve or close down certain departments, or it must enlarge its buildings and increase its endowments.

Seven hundred students now crowd into buildings adapted for four hundred and fifty.

In the English, Latin and History departments, lectures and classes have to be repeated several times in the day. In Science departments the supply of instruments and apparatus is so insufficient that heavy appliances have to be carried from one laboratory to another. Chemistry, with 130 students, has to be satisfied with working places for only 46. Zoology, with the largest pure science intermediate Zoology class in the whole University, is almost equally cramped. Geography and Geology contend for the use of the same class-rooms, which are encumbered by a double set of appliances.

Even after such overcrowding the College has had to shut its doors against women who would benefit by the education given. This term it has been impossible to admit any new students.

£100,000 are needed for additional lecture-rooms and laboratories.

A second £100,000 for endowment. The College activities most urgently in need of endowment are notably: scholarships; the various departments of Science, where women are equipped for scientific research and industrial appointments; the department of Social Studies for the training of welfare workers, health visitors and other social workers; the training department for Secondary and Continuation School Teachers.

A third £100,000 is badly needed for a hostel. As the demand for residence has increased and the housing problem grown more and more acute, all available accommodation has been exhausted.

The Council are in treaty with the Department of Woods and Forests for an admirable site for a hostel just outside the Park. This is an opportunity which should not be missed. Whether it can be taken must depend on the generosity of the public.

Many people unfortunately think that Bedford College is rich. But in truth the income of the College is by no means sufficient for its present needs in view of the enormously increased cost of maintenance and the necessity of raising all salaries. Endowments for scholarships produce barely

£400 a year. In the 27 departments there are no endowed chairs. The salaries of the teaching staff are inadequate in view of the increased cost of living. There are demonstrators with University degrees to whom the College is forced to pay a lower wage than that earned by unskilled manual workers.

We do not want to raise the fees. The effect of that would be to destroy one of the features of which the College is most proud, viz., its democratic character. By excluding poorer students it would restrict women's University education to the richer classes. Fortunately for education in England, such a course was not followed in the case of our older Universities. Their work would never have been done had there not lived long ago generous men and women who believed they could render no greater public service than by endowing colleges and thus furnishing opportunities for rich and poor to acquire sound learning. We hope a like generosity and a like belief exist to-day.

Her Majesty the Queen, Patroness of the College, has expressed interest in the scheme and given a donation.

Subscriptions should be sent to Viscountess Elveden, Honorary Treasurer of the Bedford College Endowment and Extension Fund, Bedford College, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient servants,

E. HILDRED CARLILE (Chairman of the Bedford College Endowment and Extension Fund Committee).

MARGARET AMPHILL.

GWENDOLEN ELVEDEN.

LETTICE FISHER.

MARY HARCOURT.

ANTHONY H. HAWKINS.

ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND.

MARY TALBOT.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Having been authorized by the Duchess of Norfolk to write the life of Charles Howard, eleventh Duke of Norfolk (1746-1815), I shall be most grateful to anyone who possesses letters written by him for permission to see them, or copies of them. Any originals sent to me at 7, De Vere Gardens, Kensington, would be taken the utmost care of, and would be returned promptly.

Yours faithfully,

MARY F. SANDARS.

7, De Vere Gardens, W.8.

JOHN GOWER AND SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The erection of two windows in Southwark Cathedral to the memory of John Gower, by a private citizen, has attracted widespread interest in the press and among Londoners generally.

Many who have been to see the windows have noticed that the tomb of the poet is in a very poor condition. The plaster at the base is broken, and the architect has attached a very unsightly piece of stamp paper to the masonry, no doubt because he fears a subsidence. It is generally known that the cathedral is in very straitened financial circumstances, and has no money for necessary repairs. Will you allow me to state in your columns that I feel that it would be a graceful action if literary men would make themselves responsible for the renovation of this fifteenth-century monument?

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE ISAACS,

Mayor of Southwark.

26, Blackfriars Road, S.E.1, April 3, 1920.

JOANNES STRADANUS' "VESPUCCI LANDING IN AMERICA"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I observe a reference to this picture in THE ATHENÆUM of April 2. Can any reader kindly inform me where the work is to be seen, or if any reprints of it are current, or on sale, in England?

Your obedient servant,

J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

Glendora, Hindhead, Surrey.

MR. WILLIAMSON'S "WRITERS OF THREE CENTURIES"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I believe it was the late Oscar Wilde who once said that "imitation is the sincerest form of insult." I am reminded of this, as I have just been glancing through a book noticed in your columns on March 26—"Writers of Three Centuries," by C. C. H. Williamson. As I turned over the pages of this work (I have not read them all) I felt a vague familiarity with what I read there—so much so that I turned up some of the things which struck me. The following is the result:—

C. C. H. WILLIAMSON.

Charlotte Brontë.

Passion was alive in her as a flame is alive in the earth. She lived with unparalleled energy a life of outward quiet in a loneliness which she shared only with her sister and the moors.

R. L. S.

To read him is to be for ever setting out on a fresh journey. Anything may happen or nothing; the air is full of the gaiety of possible chances.

Rossetti.

What he calls "House of Life" is really the "House of Love."

Meredith.

He thinks in flashes and writes in shorthand.

He reasons in pictures, every line having its imagery, and he uses pictorial words to express abstract ideas.

Lamb.

Lamb had no sense of narrative, or, rather, he cared in a story only for the moments when it seemed to double upon itself and turn into irony.

To read Lamb makes a man more human, more tolerant, more dainty.

He was a cockney, a lover of civic traditions.

Pater.

In all his work his thought moves to music.

"Gaston de Latour" (in which detail had already begun to obscure the outline of the central figure).

Pater did not permit life to come to him without a certain ceremony—he was on his guard against the abrupt indiscretion of events—so he arranged life to come, as far as possible, with a service of art.

Of Pater's Style.

It has been praised and blamed for its particular qualities of colour, harmony, weaving; but it has not always been realised that what is mostly wonderful in the style is precisely its adaptability to all kinds of thought, sensation or intention.

Style in Pater varied more than is commonly supposed in the course of his development, was with him a constant preoccupation.

Zola.

He cannot leave well alone; he will not take the most obvious fact for granted. "Il marcha le premier, elle le suivit"; of course she followed if he walked first, why mention it?

In Mr. Williamson's essay on Poe the sentence occurs: "He could have done perfectly the thrill of the French vaudeville." Happening to glance through Mr. Pádraic Colum's essay on Poe prefixed to the "Everyman" edition of the Tales, I found: "Poe could have done perfectly the thrill of the French vaudeville."

I have not read the whole book through; doubtless other readers may find further parallels. But, for my own part, when I re-read an author I prefer to do so in the original.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

March 29, 1920.

ALFRED BARGE.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Emily Brontë.

Passion was alive in her as flame is alive in the earth.

Emily Brontë lived with an unparalleled energy a life of outward quiet in a loneliness which she shared only with the moors ("Figures of Several Centuries").

R. L. Stevenson.

To read him is to be for ever setting out on a fresh journey. . . . Anything may happen or nothing; the air is full of the gaiety of possible chances ("Studies in Prose and Verse").

He calls what is really the House of Love, the House of Life ("Figures of Several Centuries").

He thinks in flashes and writes in shorthand ("Figures of Several Centuries").

Idem ("Figures of Several Centuries").

Idem ("Figures of Several Centuries").

Idem.

He was a cockney, a lover of limit, civic traditions.

Idem ("Figures of Several Centuries").

Idem ("Studies in Prose and Verse").

He did not permit life to come to him without a certain ceremony; he was on his guard against the abrupt indiscretion of events; and . . . arranged his life so that his whole life was a service of art ("Studies in Prose and Verse").

The prose of Pater has been praised and blamed for its particular qualities of colour, harmony, weaving, but it has not always, or often, been realised that what is most wonderful in the style is precisely its adaptability to every shade of meaning or intention ("Figures of Several Centuries").

Style, in Pater, varied more than is commonly supposed in the course of his development. . . . was with him a constant preoccupation ("Figures of Several Centuries").

He cannot leave well alone; he cannot omit; he will not take the most obvious fact for granted. "Il marcha le premier, elle le suivit"; well, of course she followed him if he walked first, why mention the fact?

Just before his death Richard Dehmel was engaged on the collection and arrangement of the poems of his first wife. The volume is entitled "Das liebe Nest," and is a collection of child-poems. It is published by the Verlag Seemann, of Leipzig.

Foreign Literature

ARNO HOLZ

DAS AUSGEWÄHLTE WERK VON ARNO HOLZ. (Berlin, Bong & Co.)
SONNENFINSTERNIS. A Tragedy. By Arno Holz. New and Revised
Edition. (Same publishers.)

THERE is a well-marked tendency at the present day in Germany—where is there not?—to depreciate the literary movement of the late eighties and early nineties of the last century. To readers of current German reviews, to observers of the German stage of the past few months, it is difficult—a number of exceptions, the leading plays of Gerhart Hauptmann, for example, apart—to recall the fact that that period was the beginning of a real literary revival in which, however discredited and old-fashioned the naturalistic philosophy on which they were largely founded may have become in our day, there were produced a number of works of permanent individual value and decisive influence on the development of literary, above all dramatic and lyric technique. The present reaction against the achievements of thirty, twenty, even ten years ago in German literature, has gone rather too far, and there can be no doubt that it will be a loss to students if they are led, by the all-prevailing sway of "expressionism" and "mysticism," in German drama and poetry, as in pictorial art, to neglect at least the outstanding works of the previous generation.

An opportunity for this observation is provided by the production in a new form, on the Berlin stage in recent months, of Arno Holz's tragedy "Sonnenfinsternis," and by the appearance of this admirable volume of selections from Holz's work in general. With this latter it is possible to make a thorough preliminary study of Holz the poet and dramatist, thence to proceed to what is undoubtedly his finest single work and one of the most important German dramas of the twentieth century.

Arno Holz was born in East Prussia in 1863. He settled in Berlin at an early age, and uses with facility the dialect of that city in his plays. Before his twentieth year he had written and published several poems in various periodicals. In 1885 he was associated by several contributions with the young poetic movement which found its principal expression in the anthology entitled "Moderne Dichtercharaktere." In the same year he published a volume of his own, "Das Buch der Zeit," to which was added the subtitle, "Lieder eines Modernen." The form of these poems was in no way original. Holz retained the orthodox forms of rhyme and rhythm, and merely used quatrains and eight-lined verses and the like with extraordinary facility and effectiveness. Technically the book was, for a young man, a remarkably able following of the classic German tradition. In subject, however, Holz broke new ground, and it was in this that he immediately commanded attention. Fulfilling the promise of his secondary title, he took the themes of his verse, as Hauptmann was to do in drama four years later, from the life of common folk in Berlin and German city-life generally. A very characteristic and illuminating poem in this volume is that entitled "Berliner Frühling," in which the poet explains that he cannot sing of the spring as other poets have done before him. The perfume of violets has no attraction for him, and he does not wander in the woods and contemplate the spring-flowers. Then he gives his picture of spring-time in Berlin. In another poem, the epigrammatic and ironical "Selbstporträt," Holz sums up his inclinations in the verse:—

Nur wenigen bin ich sympathisch,
Denn ach, mein Blut rollt demokratisch,
Und meine Flagge walzt und weht:
Ich bin nur ein Tendenzpoet!

Holz's next medium was prose. Here he worked at first in collaboration with Johannes Schlaf. Together

these two first exponents of the naturalistic method applied to naturalistic material wrote "Papa Hamlet," a series of sketches of working-class life which, together with a play by Schlaf, "Die Familie Selicke," appeared under the joint pseudonym Bjarne Holmsen in 1889. The influence of this volume, and more particularly of Schlaf's contribution thereto, is not only apparent on Gerhart Hauptmann's epochmaking play "Vor Sonnenaufgang," which appeared in the same year, but was avowed by its dedication to "Bjarne Holmsen."

In 1896 Holz himself wrote a play, "Sozialaristokraten," a comedy of social life which did not secure the success it deserved. Two years later he published "Phantasus," two volumes of poems in which an entirely different style was shown to have been evolved from that of the first poems. This time Holz theorized at length, and elaborated his poetic doctrine to the effect that the age, which had found in prose the right medium in the modern novel, had not found the perfect medium in poetry. It demanded a widening not only of the content of poetry, as had been effected in the "Buch der Zeit," but also of the form. This was not to be interpreted as a declaration in favour of "free rhythm"—although the influence of Walt Whitman on Schlaf and Holz, particularly the former, was considerable—but as an assertion that, in Holz's words, "if you express what you feel directly as you feel it, then you make the natural rhythm." In the characteristically German phrases, Holz declared for the "immanent" or the "necessary" (*notwendig*) rhythm. And in this new medium of varied long and short lines, all unrhymed, Holz gave an astonishingly varied collection of short impressionist poems which constitute his most important poetical work.

With the exception of "Sonnenfinsternis" and a similar tragedy, published in 1913, "Ignorabimus," all Holz's other work is in the form of verse or of prose fiction. Examples of the first are "Dafnis," a delicious skit on the precious poetry of the seventeenth century, and the poetical satire, "Die Blechschmiede"; of the second the collection of charming sketches of child-life, "Goldne Zeiten."

The heroine of "Sonnenfinsternis" calls herself Beatrice Cenci, and with this the theme of the drama is indicated. The play opens with her, the successful actress, in conversation with a friend, a certain Url. Through the latter she meets Hollrieder, a painter. He, although at first neither of them recalls the fact, had rescued her from suicide when, a young girl living with her father, the artist Professor Lipsius, whose assistant Hollrieder was, she had attempted to end her shame. The full horror of the truth is gradually borne in upon Hollrieder's mind by the hints of Musmann, a mentally deranged rival of Hollrieder's, whose uncanny appearances at various points of the play are most effective. Hollrieder learns to love Beatrice and gives himself up to his art with greater sincerity by her inspiration. Then he meets her father, and in a terrifying tragic scene the daughter renounces him and chooses to follow Hollrieder. They live together in England, where one day they learn of the death of Lipsius. The shock of the news drives Beatrice to a reconsideration of her duty towards Hollrieder, and eventually she decides that she is unworthy of him and can love him no longer. Together they return to Germany, and at a meeting with Hollrieder's friend Url Musmann appears. Beatrice attacks him, and, after half throttling him, leaps from the window and is killed.

The debt of such a play to Ibsen is too obvious to escape notice, but the forcefulness of characterization, both of Beatrice and Hollrieder, the passionate language of the critical scenes—these are Holz's own work, an individual achievement of the greatest importance in modern German drama.

THE ALTO ADIGE

PROBLEMI DELL' ALTO ADIGE. By Franco Ciarlantini. (Florence, Vallecchi. 3.50 lire.)

WE are often credited with being merciless critics of ourselves and our institutions, but we can hardly hope to rival the outspoken condemnation of many aspects of their political system which characterizes many Italian writers and thinkers of to-day. Sig. Ciarlantini warns his countrymen that the inhabitants of the old Süd-Tirol have long hated Italy and the Italians. He believes that this feeling is already diminishing but that it will be long before it disappears altogether. Apart from their nationality, these mountain people are in many ways an absolute contrast to the Italians, possessing virtues which our author readily acknowledges. For one thing they are far better educated, illiterates being almost unknown among them, and they are already showing great eagerness to learn Italian. Hence the Government will have to be very careful in its methods of reorganizing the system of education. Hitherto the military authorities have interfered as little as possible with existing institutions, and Sig. Ciarlantini warns his countrymen of the fatal consequences that might result from attempting to foist the sadly defective Italian bureaucratic system, of which he is scathing in his denunciations, upon the Trentino. Similarly the Italian Code of Civil Procedure must, he contends, on no account be introduced, as it is distinctly inferior to the Austrian.

Sig. Ciarlantini hopes much from the fact that the material interests of the Trentino are bound up with Italy. The natural outlet is to the South, not over the Brenner. Trade suffered a deadly blow when Lombardy and Venetia were lost by Austria, and she did all in her power to cut off the Trentino from Italy. The railway system was planned with this purpose. Similarly, the vast reserves of water-power in these regions are hardly developed at all, since its export to Italy was prohibited, and the local demand was insignificant. In addition to the water-power, the scanty mineral resources, as well as the rich woods of the Trentino, will be of far more value to Italy than they could ever have been to Austria.

The very conservatism of the inhabitants of the Alto Adige may, it is suggested, make them prefer the Italian monarchy to the Austrian republic, and similar considerations may influence the Catholics. This little book gives a fair-minded and careful description of the Austrian administrative system and of the political and religious tendencies of the country. Socialism here has no anti-capitalist tendencies, as the capitalist system is so little developed, and Sig. Ciarlantini hopes that the anti-Socialist tendencies of the National party may throw it into the arms of Italy. How far these hopes will be realized it is impossible to say. The inhabitants of the Alto Adige have all the independence of a sturdy mountain peasantry, and if Italy succeeds in reconciling these new citizens to her rule she may claim that she has learned how to "win the peace" to some purpose.

L. C.-M.

WE are glad to learn that the New Shakespeare Company will celebrate Shakespeare's birthday at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, by producing "Cymbeline." Very few of the younger generation can have had an opportunity of witnessing this now rarely produced play, the exquisite beauties of which are in danger of being forgotten. It is a matter for keen regret that the New Shakespeare Company has no headquarters in London. Other plays to be presented at Stratford during the three weeks' celebrations from April 19 to May 8 are "The Merchant of Venice," "Richard II.," "Hamlet," "Much Ado about Nothing" and "The Taming of the Shrew."

LETTERS FROM PARIS

I. THE PRIX GONCOURT

THE awarding of the "Prix Goncourt" to M. Marcel Proust for the second volume of his "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu": "À l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs"—reviewed in THE ATHENÆUM of November 7, 1919—has given rise to such a flood of comments in the press and in the so-called world of letters that, although the event belongs to the past, and the turmoil has already subsided, the whole episode is well worth dwelling upon. It is full of instruction, and throws much light upon the different kinds of danger which beset English and French literature.

In any literature the advantages derived from, or the drawbacks entailed by, the existence of literary prizes, depend almost entirely upon the part played in that literature by the traditional element. Where such an element represents an ideal goal rather than a formal starting-point—a cumulative conquest more than an inheritance normally transmitted and, so to say, handed over—the literary prize may possess a distinctly civilizing value, and the essay competition recently started by THE ATHENÆUM is an excellent example of the wholeness of the procedure as applied to English literary conditions. Of course, the object of the competition is to stimulate critical interest, and there is a sense in which to-day the stimulating of such an interest might appear just as necessary in France as in England. Yet it remains none the less true that no English writer can be seriously hampered or spoiled by looking up to a tradition: indeed, one could mention numerous cases of his work being thereby chastened and more finely tempered. And the reason lies near at hand: for the English writer, tradition is no comfortable legacy, but the outcome of a laborious individual struggle, it has the character of an achievement. Next to never does he start from tradition, but if he is appointed to greatness, he may culminate in tradition. The danger of English literature, if one may not rather call it its *καλὸς κίνδυνος*, is overgrowth: the trees are too many, and in each tree the sap, whatever may be its ultimate quality, runs too vigorous, and each grows, in a way, for itself, without taking much consideration for the others, without even possessing any developed conscience of standing at all in any special relation to the others. But the danger is not without its advantages, and the foremost of them resides in the fact that English literature, if without a definite, a specified tradition, affords the richest field out of which a broad tradition may be garnered. If the writer has in him the seeds of true greatness, if he has enjoyed to the full the additional benefit of that classical education of which nothing takes the place, and which keeps constantly before the mind's eye the highest models of Greece and Rome, such literary saturation may bring forth the chastened productions to which I alluded above: it engenders a Milton, or the Tennyson of "Ulysses" and "Lucretius," or the Matthew Arnold of not a few anthology gems.

But in France the conditions are the very reverse: however heavily the appearances may sometimes seem to tell against the statement—and it might be an interesting and perhaps not ungrateful task to attempt to prove it in the case of certain precise examples such as the French *Romantisme*—poor, battered entity, still always dragged into court!—French literature suffers in a chronic way from an excessive preponderance of the traditional element. To examine the idea of tradition, such as it presents itself habitually to the French mind, and then to proceed to study it as it is put into practice in the works of both the few genuine writers of tradition and of the innumerable pseudo-traditionalists, would indeed carry one far: the subject was perpetually agitated in the last years before the war, and has been more than ever since the Armistice; yet it is seldom really treated, or even apprehended in its true essence. But for our present purpose—the bearing of tradition upon the question of literary prizes—it is sufficient to note that tradition in France is viewed in the terms of an enjoyed privilege, of a birthright—and, what is even more important, of a birthright that belongs to the race: every Frenchman considers himself as a sharer in tradition: in France tradition is a phenomenon of a general—distinctly not an individual—order; a phenomenon that in no way is held to depend upon the niceties of personal adjustment. Such remains, and will probably ever remain in France,

the overpowering strength of that "social instinct" so masterfully delineated years ago by Mr. C. Brownell, the searching American critic, in his "French Traits." It is not here the place to dwell on the advantages inherent to such a view of tradition; they are numerous, and can never be denied. But the very fact of the tradition being of such old standing and so broadly generalized lends to most of the attempts to return to tradition, at a so-called "renaissance classique"—to which we have been so amply treated during the last fifteen years—a futile, supererogatory, and slightly comical phenomenon; and in effect, they are often the result of indolence of mind rather than of strenuous discrimination.

The conditions being such, the chief benefit derived for literature from literary prizes—the pointing towards a standard—disappears: the standard exists, and is all but too liable to be mechanically applied; and instead of the benefit, the danger arises that in the awarding of such prizes the line of least resistance may be followed, and the final choice determined, not by the intrinsic quality of the work, but by its conformity to a previously set up "idolum theatri." Such has proved the case with most of the prizes awarded to young writers by the French Academy (as distinguished from those awarded to writers already well known, whom the French Academy takes into consideration almost always too late to save its good name, and mostly under the pressure of public opinion); such even has been the case with not a few of the laureates of the Goncourt Academy. The choice of M. Proust is a signal exception.

But if the literary prizes possess in France a scant intellectual significance, the awarding of such prizes affords an almost inexhaustible satisfaction to most Frenchmen, and the reason is not without its interest. There is a sense in which the average Frenchman may be said never to come out from school: his school years leave upon his mind an indelible impress: the training it then underwent constitutes to an amazing, to a pathetic degree, his sole intellectual experience, upon which he falls back all through life; so that the relation of the unliterary Frenchman towards literature is the relation of the former pupil assuming the part of the master, and applying to all literary products—even to those that time has "classed," as well as to the new ones—those very same tests and criteria which he has seen applied in bygone days to his own compositions and essays. It need hardly be added that to such a disposition the day if "La Distribution des Prix" remains the one important date on the literary calendar. Among that numerous class of Frenchmen who have received a sound but formal college instruction, and who have never got beyond it—whose thought has stopped short the day their education was considered as completed—one would find not a few whose only reading consists in *ouvrages couronnés*, and who take a peculiarly active pleasure in mere fault-finding. To them, of course, the Prix Goncourt offers the additional attraction that it lies outside of the strictly classical track of "Prix Académiques," and preserves, however faintly, a revolutionary flavour. To fault-finders of that type the work of M. Marcel Proust, by the very nature of its qualities, offers an almost ideal target, and they were bound to rise to the occasion, and to fulfil what they have come to consider as a sort of professional duty. But the interesting fact—though here again it might have been foretold—was that they were backed up by almost all the reviewers in the daily press.

As usual, however, most of the opponents felt shy of attacking the book on strictly literary grounds, and took refuge in side issues. Three objections were raised against the choice of the "Académie Goncourt": M. Proust, it was said, is no longer a young man; he does not need the money; his book should not have been preferred to the book of M. Roland Dorgelès—"Les Croix de Bois." The first two objections would only have value if there was to be found in Edmond de Goncourt's dispositions concerning the prize anything that justified them; in fact, there exists absolutely nothing of the kind, and anyone at all conversant with Edmond de Goncourt's preferences and turn of mind, any reader of the famous and always entertaining "Journal," can easily imagine how Goncourt would have revelled in such a book as the book of M. Proust. The third objection is the only one in any way related to the point at issue, but M. Roland Dorgelès, whose book met with an admirably

comprehensive and sympathetic treatment at the hands of that extremely reliable taster—as Hazlitt would have said—M. Roger Allard (in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* for February) immediately after the Goncourt verdict, received the "Prix de la Vie Heureuse," and when all is said, there is such a thing as relative importance, and it does determine the scale of values.

Yet behind all this futile quibbling the real motive for such animosity pierced through from the beginning: it was, as usual, the old story. The unexpectedness, the rich and manifold originality of M. Proust's work, took the public and the press unawares. They simply did not know what to do with it, so that there was nothing left to them but to retaliate against the work and the man who reduced them to such an uncomfortable and undignified position.

It was only after the outburst had spent itself that a few authorized voices began to make themselves heard. M. Jacques Boulenger was the first to take the field. M. Jacques Boulenger, who assumed a few months ago the task of literary critic in the weekly paper *L'Opinion*, is rapidly moving quite to the front rank of French criticism. He wrote two articles on M. Proust, the first at the time the prize was awarded; the second as an answer to the critics of M. Proust. The articles were all the more interesting because they present the reaction towards M. Proust's work of a mind of a very definitely French cast and training, but so intellectually alive that the very thing he would not be inclined to condone by temperament stimulates, excites, his most vivid faculties. The article of M. Jacques Rivière, "Marcel Proust et la Tradition Classique" (*Nouvelle Revue Française* for February), is the one that agrees most with the line taken up by the *ATHENÆUM* reviewer, who sees in M. Proust the faithful follower of the great eighteenth-century tradition; but the article which seems to me to view the case most in the round is the article of M. Edmond Jaloux in *Les Ecrivains Nouveaux*—January-February number—from which I detach for your readers the most important passage, as it states what I consider as the foremost and central quality of M. Proust's work:

Ce qui caractérise Marcel Proust et fait de lui un auteur hors pair, c'est qu'il est absolument vrai. J'entends par là que, depuis une centaine d'années que le roman a pris une importance capitale, il s'est formé peu à peu un grand nombre de poncifs psychologiques, auxquels il est fort difficile d'échapper. Tant de mouvements d'âmes nous semblent évidents, depuis Balzac et ses successeurs, que nous avons tous une tendance à les utiliser, pour ainsi dire mécaniquement, et sans trop penser que les uns ont toujours été faux, ou sont exagérés, que beaucoup se sont modifiés avec notre propre sensibilité et que la plupart, enfin, ne demeurent possibles que dans telle ou telle circonstance donnée. Peu d'écrivains contemporains échappent complètement à cette erreur et je pourrais citer certains romans, et même à succès, qui ne sont d'un bout à l'autre qu'une série de ces poncifs. Or, Marcel Proust n'en a jamais commis un seul. On dirait qu'il renouvelle complètement la psychologie; malgré l'extrême miroitement, les innombrables facettes d'un style subtil, minutieux et chantourné, parfois, jusqu'à l'agacement, nous avons tout le temps avec lui l'impression de nous trouver, non en face d'un livre, mais de la vie même. Le prodige, c'est de faire quelque chose d'aussi direct, d'aussi véritable, d'aussi nu, avec une forme pleine d'allusions, d'ornements et de détours. Il y a dans une des parties de son premier ouvrage, "Du côté de chez Swann," quelques pages sur l'amour, sur sa naissance, son apogée et son déclin, qui donnent l'impression qu'on n'a rien écrit sur ce sujet d'aussi aigu, ni d'aussi profond depuis Stendhal. Quand je lis Marcel Proust, quand je vois les éléments de la vie se combiner, s'agglutiner, se dissocier, se décomposer chez lui, comme des cellules, il me semble que j'assiste au travail, non d'un romancier, mais d'un biologiste.

The work of M. Proust is, before anything else, an enrichment, and so to say, a "thickening" of the French literary treasury. In England you possess that admirable, indigenous product called the wedding cake. M. Proust has given to French literature its "wedding cake," and of course it is only food for the strong. In England such a work as his would be, perhaps, a less surprising performance, but for those in France who, however deep may remain their allegiance to the clear-cut outline, the restrained grace, the crystal lucidity of so many French masterpieces, yet are not ready to give up for the country that numbers Stendhal among its titles of honour any hope of a George Eliot or of a Meredith, the coming into his own of M. Marcel Proust is an event full of glad tidings.

CHARLES DU BOS.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

- ***Cole (G. D. H.).** SOCIAL THEORY ("The Library of Social Studies"). Methuen [1920]. 8 in. 224 pp. bibliog. index, 5/ n. 301
See review, p. 476.

- ***Jacobs (Herbert).** STEVENS' ELEMENTS OF MERCANTILE LAW. Butterworth, 1920. 8 in. 747 pp. app. index, 12/6 n. 347.7

This sixth edition of a well-known and valuable text-book has been brought up to date with a careful regard to recent applications of the old principles of the common law, and to the developments of their meaning. The effect of war on contracts is considered; and Mr. Jacobs has included in the volume a few cases which were not referred to in previous editions. These cases either elucidate important principles or help the student to understand the modern authorities.

- Kimball (Everett).** THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Ginn [1920]. 8½ in. 635 pp. app. index, 17/6 n. 353

Professor Kimball discusses the national government of the United States, as distinguished from the state, city, and local governments; and, while tracing the political, historical, and economic development of American institutions, he endeavours also to present an adequate picture of the actual workings of the Government. Bearing in mind that the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, and that its interpretation by the Supreme Court is authoritative, the author quotes freely from the opinions of the Court. The volume therefore has a twofold character: that of a text-book in which institutions are described and analysed, and that of a source-book in which appear the actual words used to expound or limit the powers of the Government. The book is provided with an excellent index.

- ***Moulton (H. Fletcher).** THE POWERS AND DUTIES OF EDUCATION AUTHORITIES; with the text of the Education (England) Acts, 1870-1918. W. Hodge & Co., 1919. 9 in. 266 pp. app. index, 15/ n. 351.851

Members of Education Authorities, managers of schools, teachers, and others will be considerably helped by this guide to the various legal provisions dealing with education. Every Education Committee and Council in the near future will have to prepare a complete scheme for the development of the educational resources of its area; and those concerned should be acquainted with the law affecting education. Mr. Moulton's book states the law as it will be when the 1918 Act is in full operation.

- Scott (James Brown), ed.** RAPPORTS FAITS AUX CONFÉRENCE DE LA HAYE DE 1899 ET 1907: comprenant les commentaires officiels annexés aux projets de Conventions et des Déclarations rédigés par les diverses Commissions qui en étaient chargées; ainsi que les textes des Actes, Conventions et Déclarations, dans leur forme définitive, et des principales propositions présentées par les délégués des Puissances intéressées, aussi bien que d'autres pièces soumises aux Commissions ("Publications de la Dotation Carnegie pour la Paix Internationale: Division de Droit International"). Avec une introduction de James Brown Scott, Directeur. Oxford, Univ. Press, 1920. 10½ in. 978 pp. indexes, 15/ n. 341.1

In the preparation of this work the editor has made use of the 1907 edition of the Reports of the Conference of 1899.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

- Higham (Charles Frederick).** LOOKING FORWARD: MASS EDUCATION THROUGH PUBLICITY. Nisbet [1920]. 9 in. 192 pp., 12/6 n. 659
See review, p. 477.

- Wilson (H. W.).** HUSH; OR, THE HYDROPHONE SERVICE. Mills & Boon, 1920. 9 in. 196 pp. il., 8/6 n. 623.95
As the hydrophone service was a secret one, and no technical report is allowed by the official censor, Lieut. Wilson's account is limited to a mere narrative of the campaign against the submarine and a description of life at one of the training and experimental stations. Two chapters deal with the porpoise hydrophone used from the naval base at Peterhead and afterwards from Hawkraig, Aberdour.

700 FINE ARTS.

- Beazley (J. D.).** THE LEWES HOUSE COLLECTION OF ANCIENT GEMS. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1920. 11 in. 136 pp. il. bibliog. index, boards, 38/ n. 736
See review, p. 484.

- Mille (Pierre).** LE BOL DE CHINE; ou, divagations sur les beaux-arts. Paris, Crès, 1920. 5½ in. 187 pp. paper. 704

The illustrious sculptor Cailletterre is a clever hit at some futurist fads and aesthetic cant or affectation. He had already reached the *ne plus ultra* in the artistic hierarchy, when one day an arm was accidentally broken on one of his statues. The workmen were panic-stricken. But Cailletterre winked his eye, and said, "It's much better like that." It proved a triumph. Henceforth mutilated statues were all the rage. The art galleries and public places looked like Pompeii and Herculaneum.

- Neech (G. Christian).** BACK TO THE OLD STONE'S AGE. Elliot Stock, 1920. 5½ in. 85 pp. il. tables, index, boards 2/, cl. 2/6. 720.9

In his brief account of historical architecture Capt. Neech is clear and mnemonic; the sketches and diagrams provide the beginner with the chief points to bear in mind. But the pages on prehistoric times are hazy and dubious. To say that the menhirs, trilithons, and dolmens were set up and worshipped is worse than risky.

- Svoronos (J. N.).** L'HELLÉNISME PRIMITIF DE LA MACÉDOINE, PROUVÉ PAR LA NUMISMATIQUE ET L'OR DU PANGÉE. Paris, Leroux; Athens, M. Eleftheroudakis, 1919. 11 in. 281 pp. il. map, paper. 737

The purpose of the author of this monograph, which is excerpted from the *Journal International d'Archéologie Numismatique*, vol. 19, 1918-19, and includes nearly a score of admirable plates, is to show, by a study of the characteristic features of the ancient coins of Macedonia, that the ancestors of the inhabitants of Macedonia were not Slav, Turkish, or Italian, but Greek. M. Svoronos claims that the numismatic evidence collected in his work proves that the whole of Macedonia was peopled from the very dawn of history by hardy tribes of pure Hellenic race.

800 LITERATURE.

- Campbell (Oscar James).** THE POSITION OF THE "ROODE EN WITTE ROOS" IN THE SAGA OF KING RICHARD III. ("University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature," 5). Madison, Wis., 1919. 9½ in. 169 pp. paper, 50c. 839.3239

This tragedy by Lambert van den Bos or Bosche was published at Amsterdam in 1651, and is here reprinted with an English translation, as an appendix to the long prolegomena maintaining that it is a rendering of a lost English play which more than any extant version resembled Shakespeare's "Richard III."

- Eagle (Solomon), pseud.** BOOKS IN GENERAL. Second Series. Secker, 1920. 7½ in. 273 pp., 7/6 n. 824.9
See "Marginalia," p. 480.

- ***Goldberg (Isaac).** STUDIES IN SPANISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE. Introd. by J. D. M. Ford. New York, Brentano's [1920]. 8½ in. 388 pp. bibliog. of trans. index, \$2.50. 860.9
The "famous modernist renovation" and its chief precursors and later exponents are the subject of this study, which deals with Ruben Dario, Jose Enrique Rodo, Jose Santos Chocano, Rufino Blanco-Fombona, and other writers.

Kaiser (Georg). FROM MORN TO MIDNIGHT: a play in seven scenes. Translated from the German. Hendersons [1920]. 58 pp., 2/ n. 832.9
See arte, p. 487.

Mackay (Helen). CHILL HOURS. Melrose, 1920. 8 in. 191 pp., 6/ n. 824.9

Mrs. Mackay's new book of sketches follows on the familiar lines of her earlier volumes, although the occasion of it brings the additional pleasure of recording the inclusion of an exquisite story, "Odette in Pink Taffeta." The writer's success is very definite in capturing the pensive and romantic atmosphere, which, being no mere effect of warfare, but a periodical expression of the French provincial spirit, has been made familiar to us through the general writings of Alphonse Daudet, and by M. Rolland in, say, the story of Antoinette in "Jean Christophe." The most ambitious section of the volume is the series of vignettes entitled "Nostalgia," in which Mrs. Mackay recollects her childhood, the days when the trees and skies and birds were more wonderful, and the mood of all things "a place one seems to have lost the way to." These and the remaining fifteen stories are written with a tender, though never sentimental or too slight touch, that gives the suggestion of music heard in the twilight from an old harpsichord, and something of the abiding fragrance.

Riddell (Agnes Rutherford). FLAUBERT AND MAUPASSANT: a literary relationship. Chicago, Univ. Press [1920]. 9½ in. 130 pp. bibliog. paper, \$1 n. 843.84

Writers of American university theses often perform tasks of great utility to their fellow-men; but the example before us illustrates how much of such work is practically useless. Flaubert and Maupassant, apart from their relation as teacher and disciple, were both Normans, and affinities of character and humour were to be looked for: a more fruitful subject, perhaps, would be their differences. Can anything be much more pedantic than to state, with voluminous references, that "Both describe nights of rain in Paris and the country. Both speak of the 'heavy heat' of summer. . . . In its rising the moon is sometimes represented by both men as appearing from behind trees"?

Vaché (Jacques). LETTRES DE GUERRE; avec un dessin de l'auteur et une introduction par André Breton. Paris, Au Sans Pareil, 1919. 8 in. 37 pp. paper, 3fr. 50. 848.9

These letters from an artist serving as English interpreter seem to be an essay in epatism, the humour, or "l'Umour," of which has no point that the ordinary reader can discern.

POETRY.

Benét (William Rose). PERPETUAL LIGHT. New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press (Milford), 1919. 7½ in. 135 pp. boards, 6/ n. 811.5

These poems were written, the author tells us, partly under the inspiration of his wife during her lifetime, partly in memory of her after her death. We are conscious throughout the book of profound emotions expressing themselves for the most part in terms more or less religious. Mr. Benét has a great command of rich language and rich rhythms, and many of his poems are of a high literary value.

Brereton (Cloudesley). MYSTICA ET LYRICA. Elkin Mathews, 1919. 8 in. 126 pp., 6/ n. 821.9
See notice, p. 478.

Bridges (Robert). OCTOBER; and other poems: with occasional verses on the War. Heinemann, 1920. 8 in. 76 pp. boards, 5/ n. 821.9
See review, p. 472.

Clark (Henry W.). THE WATCH-TOWER. Chapman & Hall, 1920. 7½ in. 94 pp., 5/ n. 821.9
Great facility and skill characterize all these poems of the spiritual life. The two sonnets entitled "Vox Amoris" are the high-water mark of Dr. Clark's accomplishment; but all, this side of being great poetry, are good. It is amusing to compare Dr. Clark's

How did the days go, dearest,
Ere thou wast known?

with Donne's poem on the same theme:

I wonder, by my troth, what you and I
Did ere we loved. Were we not weaned till then,
But sucked on country pleasures senselessly?
Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den?

One could hardly conceive of two more dissimilar minds.

Dawson (A. J. Eardley). NIGHT WINDS OF ARABY. Grant Richards, 1920. 7½ in. 46 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Dawson wrestles bravely with inarticulateness. His diction, when finally it wells forth, is peculiar. We sympathize with the thought contained in such lines as

For man is man, and no anæmic cry
Will place him weathercock on high church spires;

but we cannot help feeling that it might have been better expressed.

Graves (Robert). COUNTRY SENTIMENT. Secker [1920]. 8 in. 81 pp. boards, 5/ n. 821.9
See review, p. 472.

Green (A. E.). FRAGMENTS. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), 1920. 7½ in. 64 pp., 4/6 n. 821.9

A sculptor, when hewing out his conception from a block of marble, casts aside many a fragment of precious material. In the same manner, a writer, who is engaged upon the composition of any extensive work, often meets, in the course of his study, with incidents and thoughts of great value, of which, however, he can make no direct use. In the following pages some such fragments have been collected, and roughly shaped into the forms for which they seemed best suited.

Mr. Green's "fragments" are for the most part rhymed reflections on history, ethics and politics. We think he might have been wiser to embody his thoughts (often interesting in themselves) in prose rather than verse. For it is a melancholy fact that the greatness of the thought contained does not necessarily guarantee the greatness of the containing poetry. Indeed, most of the worst poetry of the world is made up of "great thoughts," that is to say of large and noble ethical generalizations. A great poet can make great poetry out of great thoughts; but great thoughts will not make great poetry out of the verses of those who are not poets.

Gregory (Padric). ULSTER SONGS AND BALLADS. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin) [1920]. 7½ in. 62 pp., 2/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Gregory writes some spirited ballads in what, from its resemblance to the dialogue of "John Ferguson," we take to be the language of Ulster. The best thing in the book, however, is a fragment of a traditional Antrim love-song, which Mr. Gregory has printed with his own pieces:

It's not the coul' wind that makes me thremble,
Nor yet the frost that binds up yhon well;
The real raison o' my vexation's
I love a young man, an' darenae tell.
Shure many's the night he has sat beside me
Till my long ringlets were wet wi' dew;
But he'd a heart that was false an' cruel
Tae leave an oul' sweetheart for a new.
But ather evenin' there comes a mornin',
An' ather mornin' a sunny day,
An' ather false love there'll come a true love
That from my side will nae go away.

There is an admirable absence of sentimentality in this little piece which makes it particularly worthy of imitation by all would-be ballad- and song-writers to-day.

Heine (Heinrich).

Webb (Philip G. L.). MORE TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE. Allen & Unwin, 1920. 6½ in. 124 pp., 3/6 n. 831.75

These translations, from one whose lyricism is even more untranslatable than is Goethe's, are so commendable in some ways that we hesitate to find their only justification, or lack of it, in the personal pleasure which the task has evidently been to the translator. But Mr. Webb, like his predecessors in general, has fallen into the mistake of believing that rhyme and regular metre are essentials in lyrical poetry, and especially its translation; he follows the fashion, therefore, of packing his lines with what are well-nigh childish inversions. His rendering of the thirty-second—not the thirtieth as he incorrectly numbers it—of the lyrics in the "Intermezzo" is a fair example of the consequences of his method:

The violets blue her eyes that light,
The roses red of her cheeks' delight,
The lilies white of her hands so slight,
They blossom and blossom for ever and aye,
And only her heart hath withered away.

There is nothing in the closing line to suggest the savage bitterness of the poet, who surely speaks of a heart gone "rotten to the core" rather than of that which has merely undergone the usual processes of nature. Mr. Webb's success lies in his ability to capture the milder moods, and if his task had been confined to this aspect of Heine he would have produced a more reliable if one-sided book.

Hewlett (Maurice). *FLOWERS IN THE GRASS (WILTSHIRE PLAINSONG).* Constable, 1920. 8 in. 78 pp. boards, 5/ n. 821.9

See review, p. 472.

Hodgson (W. Hope). *THE CALLING OF THE SEA.* Selwyn & Blount [1920]. 7½ in. 48 pp. por., 2/6 n. 821.9

The sea has had better poets to celebrate it than Mr. Hodgson. His poetry lacks the variety and breadth of its subject. His vocabulary is limited, and to express the force and fury of the sea he has to rave within narrow limits, to mark time with frenzy.

Maclean (Murdoch). *FROM CROFT AND CLACHAN.* Deane & Sons, 1919. 7½ in. 80 pp. boards, 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Maclean is best in his most Scottish and conversational pieces, such as "Requiescat in Pace." His serious verse is often marred by a stilted traditionalism of language. Lines like

'Twas you who led my child astray
From virtue's path to ways of death;
She died beside her infant's clay,
And curs'd you with her dying breath,

might have been written by a minor poet of the eighteenth century.

Mac Tomás (Peadar). *SONGS OF THE ISLAND QUEEN.* Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), 1919. 6½ in. 39 pp. paper, 1/ n. 821.9

Mr. Mac Tomás writes in a post-Swinburnian style tinged with Celticisms. At moments, too, we are reminded of the loud emphatic hurdy-gurdy of Rudyard Kipling. He sings of Ireland oppressed, of

A people begotten of freemen,
Rocked in the cradle of song,
Fondled in the arms of beauty,
Fed on the milk of the stars,
And the food of immortal desire.

His poems will be admired, if they find admirers, not so much for their literary beauty as for their political fervour.

***Martialis (Marcus Valerius).** *MARTIAL: EPIGRAMS.* With an English translation by Walter C. A. Ker: vol. 1, books 1-7 ("Loeb Classical Library"). Heinemann, 1919. 7 in. 491 pp. bibliog., 7/6 n. 877.6
See review, p. 478.

Percy-Davis (Mrs. C.), pseud. "Ladye Gray." *HUMAN THOUGHTS IN POETRY AND PROSE.* Lynwood's [1919]. 7½ in. 96 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 821.9
Set to music "Ladye Gray's" poems would make admirable "ballads," in the concert-hall sense of the word:

I sought thee, dear, in the press and throng
Of the things that never last very long,
But I found, beloved, in the silver dew
Of the heart of a rose, the lips of Yon.

One can almost hear the dying falls of a rich melody.

Philip (Terence). *POEMS WRITTEN AT RUHLIBEN.* Grant Richards, 1920. 7½ in. 60 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Philip has interesting thoughts and moods to express, and he gives them shape in carefully wrought verse. "The Pilot" and "To Clouds" are accomplished sonnets, and there are good things in "Letter to a Friend."

A Prisoner of Pentonville. By "Red Band." Elkin Mathews, 1919. 7½ in. 63 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 821.9

The emotional sincerity which constantly contrives to break through a crust of indifferent and often absurd verse makes this series of prison meditations a very interesting and moving human document. "Red Band" tells the story—so often

repeated in the annals of religious experience—of how he found comfort in despair, how need and privation created their fulfilment:

Yea, when of every blessing I was bare,
And to the deepest pit down, down I fell;
Whilst crying, "There's no God!"—I found him there,
God dwells in Hell.

FICTION.

Bojer (Johan). *LAS NOCHES CLARAS.* Prólogo de Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Versión española de Enrique A. Leyra ("La Novela Literaria"). Valencia, Prometeo Sociedad Editorial, Germanias, 33 [1920]. 8 in. 274 pp. por. paper, 3 ptas. 839.83

A Spanish version of this tragic love-story, the scene of which is in Norway.

Byng (The Hon. Lady Julian). *ANNE OF THE MARSHLAND.* Holden & Hardingham [1920]. 7½ in. 256 pp., 3/6 n.

This novel, the heroine of which has difficulties in determining her matrimonial "affinity," was originally published under the title of "Anne Inescourt." The present edition is stated by the publishers to have been "almost entirely rewritten."

Cazal (Edmond). *L'INFÉCONDE ("La Vie après la Guerre").* Paris, Ollendorff, 1920. 7½ in. 216 pp. paper, 5fr. 843.9

Sole survivor of an ancient and noble family which he hopes to perpetuate, the hero of this absorbing novel is married to a barren woman who—selfishly, and not from love—refuses to release him. He brings into the Chamber a Bill making sterility a ground for divorce; but before this passes into law a finer *dénouement* is provided.

Fendall (Percy). *THE INNER CIRCLE.* Odhams [1920]. 7½ in. 313 pp., 7/ n.

The leading characters are two entirely inexperienced girls. One is a "magnificent specimen of girlhood with an overpoweringly sensual beauty," who is poor, but of high birth. The other, her friend, is a plain "nobody," possessed of wealth acquired in trade. The narrowness of their schoolmistress's mental horizon may be gauged by the fact that she believed that at a meeting of suffragettes questions had been discussed by women "which should only be spoken of in the dissecting room of a hospital or the lecture hall of the Y.M.C.A." It is quite to be expected that the beautiful girl becomes a "poor little victim of a corrupt circle," and that her uneasy life ends in a great disaster. Her friend has better luck.

***Girardin (Mme. Emile de).** *LA CANNE DE M. DE BALZAC ("Collection Gallia").* Paris, Dent [1920]. 7 in. 201 pp. por., 2fr. 50. 843.79

The text of the first edition (1836) of this Arabian Night in a modern Parisian milieu has been reproduced.

Gould (Nat). *A NORTHERN CRACK.* Long [1920]. 8½ in. 126 pp. paper, 1/ n.

Gréville (Henry), pseud. *LES ÉPREUVES DE RAÏSSA ("Bibliothèque Plon").* Paris, Plon-Nourrit [1920]. 7 in. 220 pp. paper, 2fr. 843.8

Leblanc (Maurice). *COFFIN ISLAND.* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Hurst & Blackett, 1920. 7½ in. 320 pp., 7/6 n. 843.9

To readers aching for vertebral shivers and cerebral shocks this book should be very satisfying. The dreaded Arsène Lupin investigates the horrible doings of a homicidal maniac, who is supposed to be the son of a Hunnish king and has escaped from an internment camp. The action takes place on an island where there are menhirs, dolmens, sacrificial chambers, and subterranean ways sufficient for the most voracious consumer. In the course of the story more than a score of murders are committed, without counting the crucifixion of four women. The villain is worsted.

Lutz (Grace Livingston Hill). *THE SEARCH.* Lippincott, 1919. 7½ in. 317 pp. front., 6/ n. 813.5

Piety and sentiment are dominant notes in this love-story of Corporal John Cameron, a poor but estimable hero in the war, and well-to-do Ruth Macdonald, who restores the battered paladin to bodily health and mental ease, and accepts him for her husband. Incidentally, the evil schemes of a boastful lieutenant, who is a rival lover of Ruth (or her money), are defeated.

MacMahon (Ella). JOHN FITZHENRY: A STUDY. Mills & Boon [1920]. 7½ in. 310 pp., 7/6 n.

An effective and successful character-study, with a carefully filled-in background, giving in the main an accurate picture of various *nuances* of English mentality immediately before, and after, the outbreak of the great war. The hero's temperament is sharply contrasted with that of his unstable cousin; and the heroine is sympathetic and convincing. The picture of the women clerks at the War Office is surely overdrawn; but as a whole the book is commendable, and may be read with pleasure.

Maurois (André). LES BOURGEOIS DE WITZHEIM. Paris, Grasset [1920]. 7½ in. 65 pp. paper, 2fr. 50. 843.9

The author of "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble" here sketches the humours of the Alsatians. Lightly and in short compass, but with insight, he shows how the people of a village in Alsace lived and what they thought in the epoch-making year, for them, 1919. Round-table talks, anecdotes, and displays of idiosyncrasy are the simple materials.

Rosny (J. H.) (Mayor). LA INDOMADA. Prólogo de Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Versión española de Carmen de Burgos (Colombine) ("La Novela Literaria"). Valencia, Prometeo Sociedad Editorial, Germanias, 33 [1920]. 8 in. 327 pp. por. paper, 3 ptas. 843.9

A Spanish translation of M. J. H. Rosny's "Les Indomptées."

Widdemer (Margaret). WINONA'S WAY: a story of reconstruction ("Camp Fire Girls' Series"). Lippincott, 1919. 7½ in. 304 pp. il., 6/ n. 813.5

The author has already described Winona and her friends round their camp fire and on a war farm; and now that the war is over she tells how they devoted their energies to "Community Service," organizing games and singing parties for demobilized soldiers and the girls employed in stores, and enabling the latter to obtain their meals reasonably and comfortably. The mixture of nationalities in a small American town is well illustrated, a Russian Bolshevik Jewess and a Syrian girl being prominent characters.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

Mason (Arthur James). WHAT BECAME OF THE BONES OF ST. THOMAS? a contribution to his fifteenth jubilee. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1920. 8 in. 209 pp. plan, il. index, 8/ n. 913.4223

The question whether the bones discovered in 1888 are those of St. Thomas Becket is fully discussed, with a review of the authorities on the history of the martyrdom, of the relics, and the shrine, and all the topographical information bearing on the problem. Where documentary evidence is not set out in full in the original and in translation, it is, for economy of space, translated into English.

Walker (Caroline). OLD WORLD YESTERDAYS. Selwyn & Blount, 1920. 8 in. 183 pp., 6/ n. 914.0

This is a book of travel sketches in various parts of Europe. The author's chatty and discursive method betrays her at times into the expression of rather fatuous opinions. The art of the Cubists, she writes, "seems like a disease of the brain," the artists being "lazy swine, scamps that won't work." Genoa as a traveller's resort goes out of favour because it is the town in which the writer lost the keys of her trunk; and because the loss was unretrieved, "I do not think I shall ever like Genoa again." A cathedral service in Tours is recorded: "I saw a labourer in a blue blouse, a rosy maid-of-all-work in her clean faded cotton, an aged man of the people with his rusty coat and white beard, and an overworked mother of a family in her plaid shawl." Mrs. Walker's descriptions are always as naive. Lighting-up time on the harbour ships is "a gala night of fireworks." She complains of a certain person who "described an Italian landscape in such a way that we felt we had passed through Italy with our eyes shut." In this passage she has unwittingly supplied an adequate commentary on her own volume.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Bradney (Joseph Alfred), ed. REGISTRUM ANTIQUM DE LLANBADOG IN COMITATU MONUMETHENSI, 1582-1709. Mitchell Hughes & Clarke, 1919. 10½ in. 40 pp. paper. 929.3

A transcript from a copy of the register, made in 1839 by the wife of Sir Thomas Philipps of Middle Hill, which was

preserved in the Public Library at Cardiff. The editor has collated his proofs with the original book, which, after the transcript had been made, was discovered to be in the possession of the University College of South Wales.

Bradney (Joseph Alfred), ed. REGISTRUM ANTIQUM DE LLANDEDEWI RHYDDERCH IN COMITATU MONUMETHENSI, 1670-1783. Transcribed from the Original Register Book and edited by Joseph Alfred Bradney. Mitchell Hughes & Clarke, 1919. 10½ in. 36 pp. paper. 929.3

A transcript, with footnotes, of the oldest register book of the parish of Llanddewi Rhydderch, Monmouthshire.

Quin (Henry).

Kirkpatrick (T. Percy C.). HENRY QUIN, M.D., President and Fellow of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, and King's Professor of the Practice of Physic (1718-1791). Dublin, Univ. Press, 1919. 11 in. 66 pp. il. pors. app. index, paper, 10/6 n. 920

A memoir of a well-known Irish physician who is stated to have "enjoyed what was probably the most fashionable and most extensive medical practice in Dublin during the latter half of the eighteenth century." But he did not leave "anything as a permanent contribution to the study or progress of medicine." Henry Quin was interested in numismatics and in the making of glass pastes for the reproduction of ancient cameos and intaglios. The book includes a considerable account of Quin's family.

Williams (David).

Lucas (E. V.). DAVID WILLIAMS, FOUNDER OF THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND. Murray, 1920. 7 in. 80 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 920

See "Marginalia," p. 480.

Yeats (John Butler). FURTHER LETTERS OF JOHN BUTLER YEATS. Selected by Lennox Robinson. Cuala Press, Churchtown, Dundrum, 1920. 8½ in. 84 pp. boards, 12/6 n. 920

See "Notes from Ireland," p. 480.

930-990 HISTORY.

***Clarantini (Franco).** PROBLEMI DELL' ALTO ADIGE. Florence, Vallecchi, 1919. 8 in. 151 pp. paper, 3.50 lire. 945.09
See review, p. 491.

Dawson (Richard). RED TERROR AND GREEN. Murray, 1920. 7½ in. 278 pp. index, 6/ n. 941.591

Irish republicanism of to-day, though in lineal descent from the insurgents of the past, differs in many particulars of the highest importance. The present movement is in great measure a revolt against its predecessors, and is inspired by a conviction of their futility, which was due to the fact that the old revolutionists, though they knew what they wanted, did not really know why they wanted it, or how it could be gained. Mere hatred of British rule never carried them very far, and "a purpose based on hatred tends to become blurred and dim as memory grows dull."

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

The **Friends' Ambulance Unit, 1914-1919**: a record, Edited by Meaburn Tatham and James E. Miles. Swarthmore Press [1920]. 10 in. 286 pp. il. pors. maps, app., 21/ n. 940.9

See review, p. 475

Gray (Frank). THE CONFESSIONS OF A PRIVATE. Oxford, Blackwell, 1920. 7½ in. 214 pp., 6/ n. 940.9

Though protected by an official appointment, the author enlisted in 1917; his experiences and reflections appeared first as a diary in the *Oxford Chronicle*. The system of which he became a part, he claims, would hardly have been victorious but for the sacrifice and courage of the men and the resources of the country. The Tommies executed orders, right or wrong, with equal obedience, courage and tenacity. Junior officers, or even higher officers recruited from the ranks, were in the main great. But the working of the old machine was gravely hampered by the incompetence of the higher commands—"the united aristocrats of an antique system."

Townshend (Sir Charles Vere Ferrers). MY CAMPAIGN IN MESOPOTAMIA. Thornton Butterworth, 1920. 9 in. 400 pp. il. por. maps, plans, apps. index, 28/ n. 940.9
See review, p. 474